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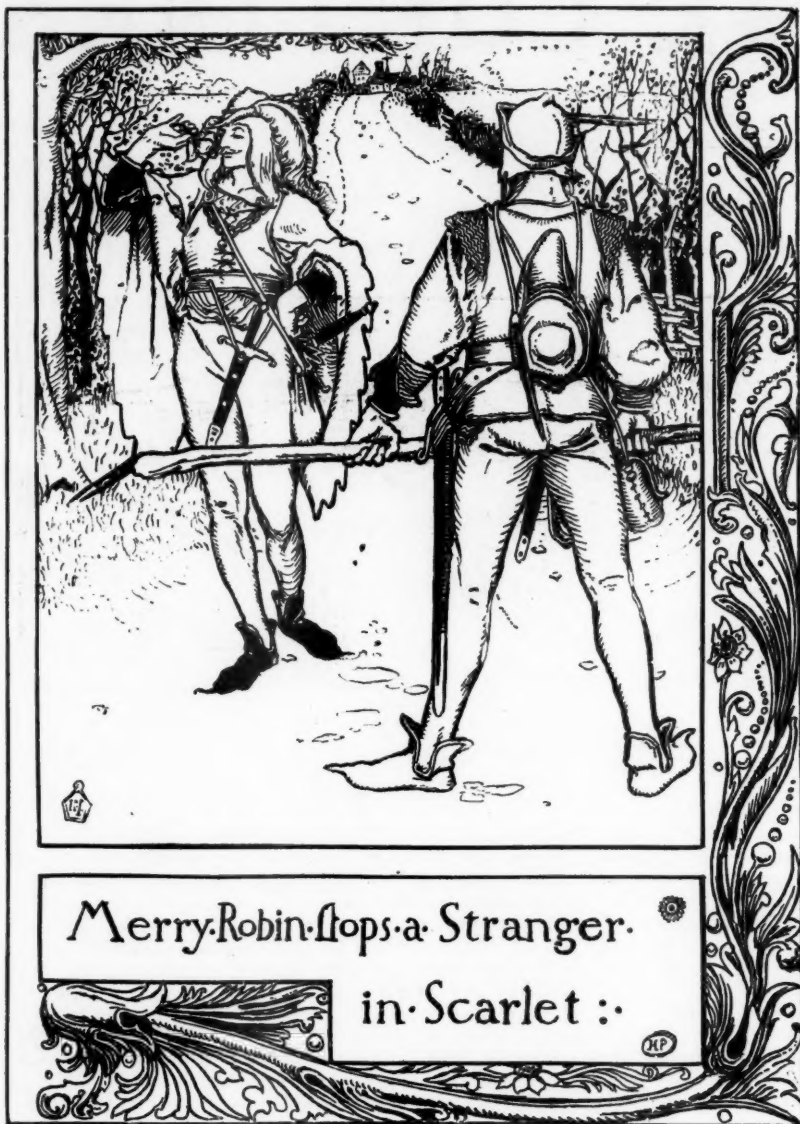


ROBIN HOOD.

ONLY one man among moderns could have seen the full significance bound up in the name of Robin Hood, and whether he counted him as fact or myth, dealt with him as one of the truest exponents of English character. In the death of John Richard Green, passed the only one likely to analyze the influence of the name, and bring to light every phase of the results, still plainly to be seen, of the ballads in which English folk delighted for three centuries and more. The elaborate historians have all neglected him. He has been a myth with Tell and William Wallace and many another, and yet if internal evidence may be relied upon, a famous man, worth all that these various ballads imply, was their foundation. A dozen conjectures have been made as to his real name and character. Thierry, in his "History of the Norman Conquest," believes him to have been "the last of the Saxons who refused to recognize the Norman rule," and an opponent of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Another authority, Mr. Spencer Hall, in his "Forester's Offering," imagines him to have been one of the followers of Simon de Montfort, and a fugitive from the battle of Evesham. He has been placed among the personages of the early Teutonic people, and the "Vision of Piers Plowman" makes one of the characters, an ignorant priest, admit that he knows much more about Robin Hood than of any personage connected with his religion:

"I cannot parfill mi paternoster, as the preist it singeth,
But I can ryme of Roben Hode, and Randolf erl of Chester,
But of our lord and our ladye I lerne nothing at all."

It is not necessary to decide as to his origin, or to go into the antiquarian squabbles in which he has been proved to be and not to be the Earl of Huntingdon, with a fabulous pedigree. But one thing is certain. Whether earl or yeoman, such a man once lived, in the region between Nottingham and Wakefield, accurately described in the ballads, which show also the minutest familiarity with country life. The traits which fill these poems are not the imagined attributes of some man who is idealized into a popular hero. They are too clearly the outgrowth of real life, and the hand which painted the portrait had studied every feature and knew well how to reproduce them in such shape, that even to-day, when new times and new manners make the spirit of that elder day barely comprehensible, Robin Hood is alive and must always remain alive. A writer in the *North American Review* many years ago, gave one of the most satisfactory solutions of the origin of the ballads, insisting that a contemporary of Robin's—a neighbor and a poet—had done the work, and after asking what name could reasonably be fixed upon as the author's, answers: "Dimly through the past is discernible the figure of such a man, living at the entrance of Barnsdale, not far from the monastery of Hampole, and perhaps connected with it. His name is Richard Rolle. In his day he was a popular versifier. And he may well have been the author of the Robin Hood ballads, although, to us, he is known in connection exclusively with poems of a religious character."

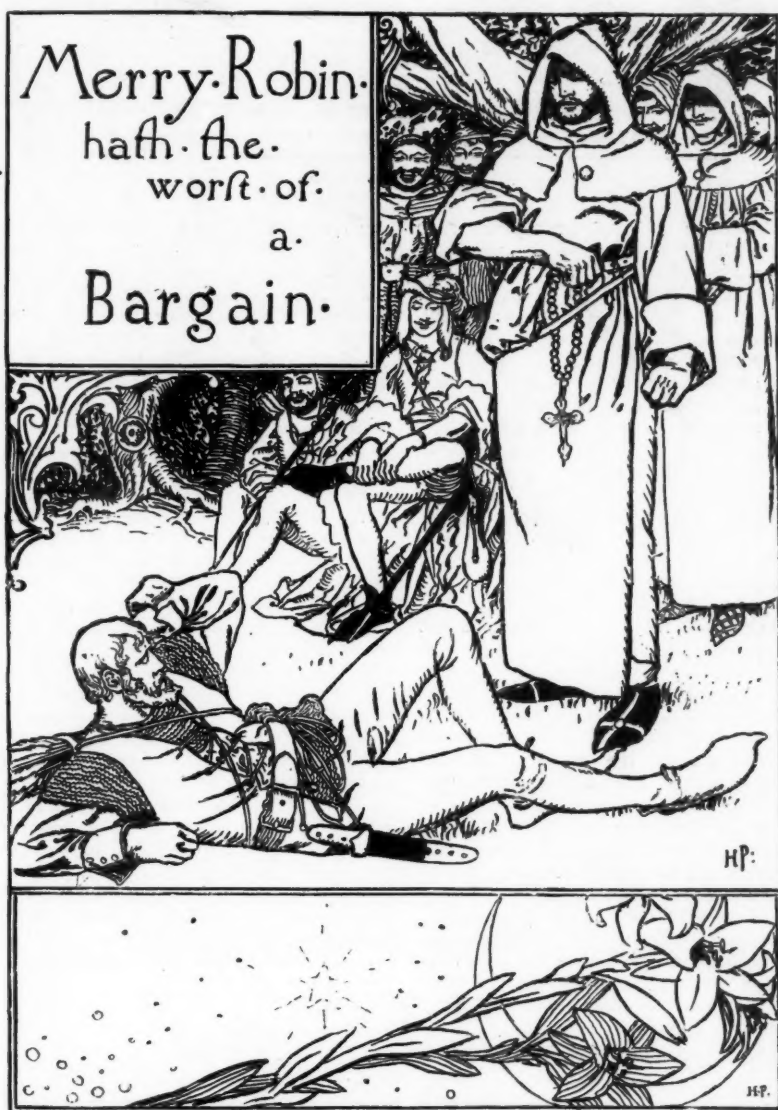


Whether Richard Rolle, or some unknown versifier, no English poet has ever had such deep and abiding influence. The hero was a man who knew every grief and wrong the common people could suffer. Law had not begun to throw any shadow of protection over them. King and lords, church and state, used them at will, and whoever espoused their cause, became outlaw, and had henceforth no safety but in hiding. Robbery of the rich for the poor became the only means of making wealth do its proper work, and the outlaws who roamed through Sherwood Forest were the first English communists, and preached a gospel that worked insensibly, even where most bitterly condemned, till the mighty saw at last that the mean, too, had place and position in the world that held both.

Saxon brutality is in every page of the old ballads, yet Saxon brutality, intensified by Norman oppression, had such reason for being, as the reader of to-day can hardly imagine. If Robin Hood was really, as many authorities make him, employed at the court, and a servant of Edward II, whose visit to Nottingham is recorded in the first set of ballads, he had every reason for revolt daily before his eyes. He had seen how "the king sold justice for bribes, how ruthlessly he seized upon free laborers when he needed their services, and how lavishly the barons wasted the wealth of Saxon sinews, and what had been Saxon lands." He had seen, too, "how contemptible at court was a Saxon man, and Saxon speech, and a Saxon name. On his journey from London to Barnsdale, he passed one

castle after another, every one of them, like a hostile camp, the terror of the surrounding country. He passed stately abbeys and saw things for which better speech than his own hot words would soon be found, for Wicliff was just born. He passed through forests—

reformer, and he sounded the note in the first blast blown on the horn whose echoes are still ringing. Such righting of wrong as could come in that fragment of England in the West Riding should come through him, and so began the wild deeds, whose outcome was the

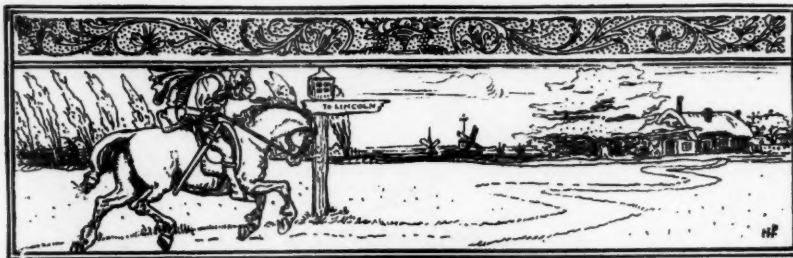


great districts, in which churches and houses had been demolished, and from which every human creature had been extirpated to make way for deer and wild boars."

Robin Hood's heart was hot within him as he went. He remembered the days of the Saxon Alfred. The legends of good King Arthur and his life and work for the people were still told by English firesides. To Robin it was plain that the time had come for a

ending of baronial privilege—the destruction of the vandalism and tyranny of feudalism.

To-day, if the knowledge of the ballads themselves has died away, Robin Hood's name is as familiar as in the beginning. "Cairns on Blackdown in Somersetshire, and barrows near to Whitby in Yorkshire, and Ludlow in Shropshire, are termed Robin Hood's pricks, or butts; lofty natural eminences in Gloucestershire and Derbyshire are Robin Hood's hills; a huge rock near Mat-



The Sheriff of Nottingham plotting against Robin sends a messenger to Lincoln.

lock is Robin Hood's Tor; ancient boundary-stones, as in Lincolnshire, are Robin Hood's crosses; a presumed loggan, or rocking-stone, in Yorkshire, is Robin Hood's penny-stone; a fountain near Nottingham, another between Doncaster and Wakefield, and one in Lancashire, are Robin Hood's wells; a cave in Nottinghamshire is his stable; a rude natural rock in Hope Dale is his chair; a chasm at Chatsworth is his leap; Blackstone Edge, in Lancashire, is his bed."

The record of anything beyond these names had nearly been lost. The Percy ballads first gave the modern reader a hint of what might be in store, but we owe to the Early English Text Society, and the labor of Mr. Furnivall in particular, the searching out of the manuscript, from which the good bishop had drawn and altered at will.

"The manuscript itself," writes Mr. Furnivall, "is a scrubby, shabby paper book, about fifteen and a half inches long by five and a half wide, and about two inches thick, which has lost some of its pages both at the beginning and end. Percy found it lying dirty on the floor, under a bureau in the parlor of his friend Humphrey Pitt, of Shiffnal, in Shropshire, being used by the maids to light the fire."

That Percy's edition falsified the originals to a scandalous degree became known almost at once, through the protest of an antiquarian attorney, Joseph Ritson, whose volume of Robin Hood notes, ballads and legends is one of the most valued sources of information on all points connected with the outlaw's life. Long before the Percy reprint, the ballads had been woven into a story, and appeared about the end of the fifteenth century under the title of the "Lytel Geste." Wynken de Worde put it in type about 1490, and it was reprinted in Scotland in 1508. Mr. David Hilton Wheeler, in one of his charming papers in "By-Ways of Literature," writes of them:

"The ballads seem to have had their greatest popularity in the early part of the sixteenth century; that is to say, in the first stages of the visible Reformation. Robin Hood divided attention sometimes with the reformers, and a poor fellow debated in perplexity whether he should attend the hero's feast or go to hear a Reformer preach, much as he might now oscillate between a political meeting and a sensational preacher. But when the awful struggle for religious liberty began, present events pushed the old history aside. The smell of burning blood banished the fragrance of the green wood."

The old, careless, unthinking joy in mere living died in the day that real living began, and the purpose that is at the heart of every Robin Hood ballad, has, in its birth and acceptance as law-giver for all, ended any chance of return to the epoch of which it was born.

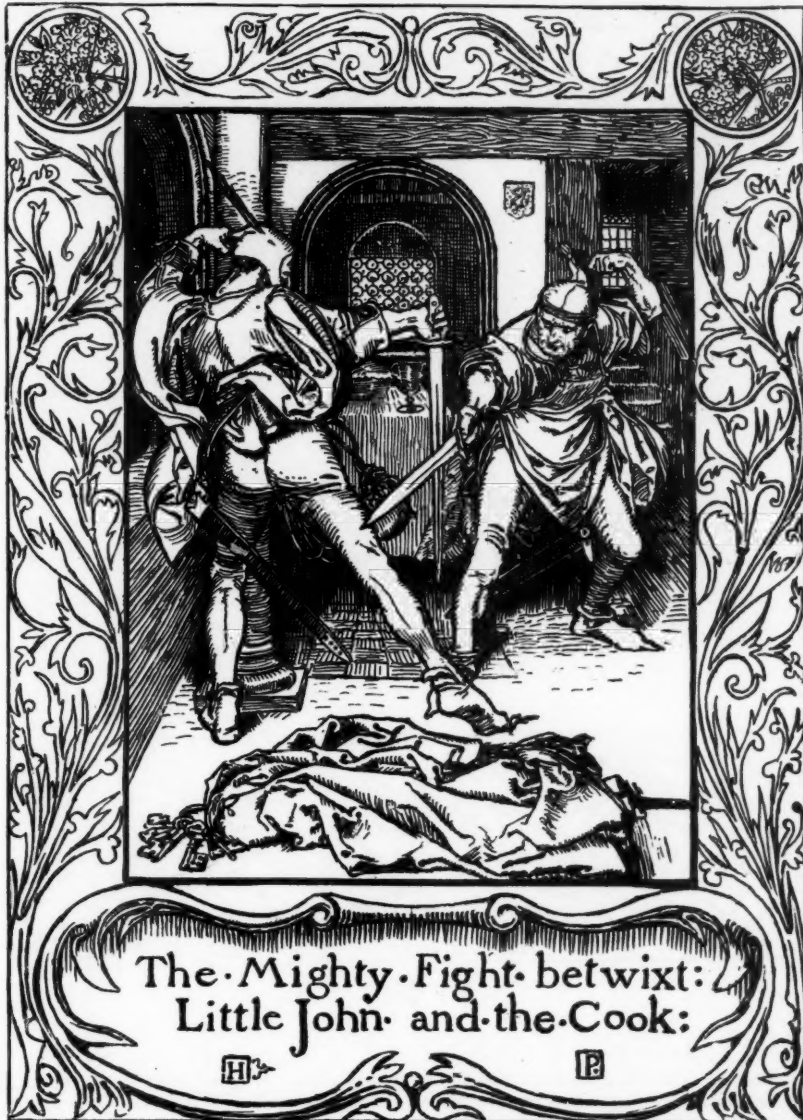
Nothing is more marked in the literature of the day than the recurrence to ancient ideals, and the presentation of them to our boys and girls as something worth knowing and copying. We have had our era of good children who died young, and of the impossible heroes of much literature for boys, able to run a steamboat at sight, and becoming millionaires at twenty. It has been found that truth holds as much stimulus as fiction, if only as seductively presented, and the "Boy's Froissart," the "Stories of Heroes," and later, a charming "Boy's Plutarch," are all indications of a healthier sentiment. There is no surprise, therefore, in greeting the superb presentation of "Robin Hood,"* which Mr. Pyle and the Scribners have found it good to make, and even if the story holds a succession of free fights, the blows given are always valiant ones in an honest cause. No father or mother need dread the influence of the

*THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, OF GREAT RENOWN, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 4to, \$4.50.



story rendered into prose only less attractive than the old ballads. English history tells itself on every page, and through them all blows the fresh, sweet breeze of May mornings. If the English people had not been instinctive lovers of out-door life, these ballads must have taught them its charm. The youngest child can

It is an indication of a better day when a reproduction like the present one becomes possible, and the beautiful book deserves a place that it is likely to make and to hold, long after much of the work that has been popular has found the quiet oblivion it has merited.



feel the thrill that comes with the opening of more than one:

"In summer when the shawës be sheen,
And leavës be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forëst
To hear the fowles song.
To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hillës hee,
And shadow them in the leavës green,
Under the greenwood tree."

More charming English has seldom been given to any work for children, and a suggestion of its flavor is in the preface for which every reader will thank us:

"You who so plod amid serious things that you feel it shame to give yourself up even for a few short moments to mirth and joyousness in the land of Fancy; you who think that life hath nought to do with innocent laughter that can harm no one; these pages are not for you. Clap to the leaves and go no farther than this, for I tell



you plainly that if you go farther you will be scandalized by seeing good, sober folks of real history so frisk and caper in gay colors and motley, that you would not know them but for the names tagged to them. Here is a stout, lusty fellow with a quick temper, yet none so ill for all that, who goes by the name of Henry II. Here is a fair, gentle lady before whom all the others bow and call her Queen Eleanor. Here is a fat rogue of a fellow, dressed up in rich robes of a clerical kind, that all the good folk call my Lord Bishop of Hereford. Here is a certain fellow with a sour temper and a grim look—the worshipful, the Sheriff of Nottingham. And here, above all, is a great, tall, merry fellow that roams the greenwood and joins in homely sports, and sits beside the Sheriff at merry feast, which same beareth the name of the proudest of the Plantagenets—Richard

of the Lion's Heart. Beside these there are a whole host of knights, priests, nobles, burghers, yeomen, pages, ladies, lasses, landlords, beggars, pedlers, and what not, all living the merriest of merry lives, and all bound by nothing but a few odd strands of certain old ballads (snipped and clipped and tied together again in a score of knots) which draw these jocund fellows here and there singing as they go.

"Here you will find a hundred dull, sober, jogging places, all tricked out with flowers and what not, till no one would know them in their fanciful dress. And here is a country bearing a well-known name, wherein no chill mists press upon our spirits, and no rain falls but what rolls off our backs like April showers off the backs of sleek drakes; where flowers bloom forever and birds are always singing; where every fellow hath a

merry catch as he travels the roads, and ale and beer and wine (such as muddle no wits) flow like water in a brook.

"This country is not Fairy-land. What is it? 'Tis the land of Fancy, and is of that pleasant kind that, when you tire of it—whisk!—you clap the leaves of

this book together and 'tis gone, and you are ready for every-day life, with no harm done.

"And now I lift the curtain that hangs between here and No-man's-land. Will you come with me, sweet Reader? I thank you. Give me your hand."

HELEN CAMPBELL.



TO MAUD—AT SEA IN AUTUMN.

"My Love is young and fair—
My Love has golden hair."

THAT was the song that you sang, my dear,
When we came through the Austrian hills together,
And the wind was light, and the sky was clear,
In the summer weather.

I loo'ed on your eyes of tenderest blue,
And the golden threads in your brown hair glinting,
And I thought the song had been made for you,
And I fell to hinting

That sure 'twas *my* love who was young and fair;
And the summer rose on your cheek was glowing,
And the wind that ruffled your sunny hair
Was softly blowing.

And the deep, clear vault of the summer skies,
That over you bent as if to love you,
Could only match the blue of your eyes
With the blue above you.

But now you have wandered away, my dear,
Wandered away, and the day is lonely,
And I catch but the echo, lingering near,
Of the old song, only.

And I think of my Love, who is young and fair,
And I pray to the winds and the waves together,
To remember what precious burden they bear
Through the autumn weather.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE FIRST SNOW.

My mother-heart is aching, oh, how sore!
The while I watch the first light fall of snow;
For in the churchyard lies my little child,
How can I leave his bed unsheltered so?

I wept for hours beside my window-pane
When I first left him there, alone—at night;
But when I sought his resting-place by day,
Then all the earth around seemed warm and bright.

All summer long, fair flowers have decked his bed,
And birds have warbled there their sweetest lays,
The clouds have, now and then, wept pitying tears—
Fair moons have watched it, and calm sunny days.

But now when careful shepherds house their flocks,
And households gather closer in *their* fold—

While I am sheltered safe, and still and warm—
My little one lies out there in the cold.

Yet faith and reason tell me, that his soul
Is folded safe where never tempests blow,
And that he dwells where summer still abides—
I wish that I could always *feel* it so.

If I could see him once—one little hour—
Among the angels living, safe and glad;
Although I might not speak, or touch his robe;
I think that I could never feel *so* sad.

And yet, within the churchyard, all alone,
That little waxen form I cherished so,
And shielded from the slightest touch of chill,
Must lie all winter underneath the snow.

LILLIAN GREY.

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN.

BY R. H. NEWELL. (ORPHEUS C. KERR.)

CHAPTER XVI.

COLONEL DARYL'S DUTY AS AN UNCLE.

IN the American household there had been gradually evoked from the domestic materials at command a system of family-life at once orderly and unconstrained, practical and ideal. As a garden of tasteful plan and rare beauty of arboreal and floral combinations now occupied the formerly rank enclosure fronting the mansion; created, with wonderful celerity, by an intelligent and graceful exaction of all possible cultivated effect from Nature's wildest indiscrimination of fertility; so within the house an instinctively adaptive civilized intelligence had steadily and quietly disciplined the most primitive and unaccustomed of subjective agencies into the harmonious machinery of a well-appointed, systematic, and even measurably luxurious, Christian home. The Chinese servants, at first so unpromising to Berner's Lutheran prejudices, that the old major-domo could not be persuaded permanently from shipboard until Cousin Sadie and Mr. Brooke's veteran, Peter, had somewhat Anglicized their speech and manners, were now models of mechanical efficiency in their various duties, and frequently developed valuable ingenuity therein. One of them, indeed, whom the quickly converted Swiss soon selected to be his chief confidential coadjutor, in place of Ambrose relegated to the gardening, became so expert in resources for any domestic emergency, whether of larder, laundry, or scullery, that his reflective "Me can *do*," or "Me can *no* do," was always accepted as decisive of the utmost human practicabilities of the occasion.

A similar process of comfortable adjustment, from primarily difficult circumstance to ultimately smooth development of the best of everything, went on throughout the whole household economy. Life in the family rested not at mere placid facility of exotic existence, but matured equably to what vitality of characteristic individual endeavor and collective social beneficence was possible for it even in such a limited situation. Husband, wife, daughter and cousin had respective potential activities for each day, to contribute to the common relief; and were in unison for whatever outward good could be accomplished by them as a household.

After the gardening operations of Ambrose, and the Chinese vegetable-planting, had made the immediate grounds of the mansion unfit for miscellaneous intrusion, a new cottage was constructed outside of the palisade, on the slope toward the native town, for Miss Ankeroo's mission-school, and therein the lady pursued her chosen vocation with unflagging zeal. But even she held no higher place in the affectionate reverence of the poor, crowded souls of the "campong" than the Rana Sirani—Christian princess—as they named Mrs. Effingham,—who not only heeded their every appeal at her gates, but had practicable paths made that she might go to the old and helpless, in their own quarters, on occasions of special distress.

Thus the family were leading a life of which they might become very fond in time; in fact much enjoyed already; and the elder members, at any rate, did not

contemplate the approach of its conclusion with any disposition to hasten the latter. Mrs. Effingham, it is true, had begun to experience some anxiety at a certain languor of manner lately coming over her daughter; nor was she quite at ease in observing that the amendment seemingly given to her husband's health by their earlier experiences of the genial climate, no longer went on. The child inherited some of the constitutional predispositions of the father, and the wife and mother felt frequent unspoken misgivings for them, when remembering what she had read and heard of the insidious properties some had found in the balmy lassitudes of the Tropics.

"My dear," said Mr. Effingham, coming into her room, on the afternoon following that of the dinner-party, with several opened letters in his grasp and a troubled look on his face, "—my dear, do your letters say anything about the fire in New York?"

His wife, who had been reading her own latest mail from relatives and friends at home, gazed at him inquiringly and shook her head:

"No; not a word of such a thing. Has there been a fire there?"

"Yes; and a very large one. What is the latest date you have there?" he asked, taking a chair and glancing over her shoulder.

"Ada Benton's is the latest—July fifteenth."

"Ah! that was several days before the occurrence," commented the merchant. "In forwarding our mail, Dodge writes to me that he has just seen a clipper captain straight from New York, who reports, that, on the nineteenth of July, a great fire burned five millions' worth of property in Broadway, Exchange Place, Stone and Broad streets."

"Some of it was yours!" exclaimed the lady, reflecting his perturbed aspect and tone.

"Yes, my dear, I am a loser; very seriously, too, if any of the insurances default in the general calamity."

"Richard, let us return at once."

The husband could appreciate this immediate wifely readiness to consider nothing but his own possible impulse to hurry forthwith towards the scene of his reported misfortune.

"Not quite at once," he said, his countenance relaxing under a gratified smile; "I think we may venture to stay the remaining time allotted, as that will not be very long; and, after all, the loss of a few buildings need not bankrupt me."

"But it may be serious, you have said," continued the sympathetic wife. "If we were not here with you, would you not be anxious at least to get within shorter mailing distance of your agents, without delay? I am sure you would. Then why stay here, in needless suspense, when we are so ready to start at any moment?"

"At any rate, we can wait for another mail, Julia," rejoined the merchant, lightly—"unless," he added, with a questioning inflection, "you are at last growing tired of living in a summer-house in a botanical garden?"

"On the contrary, it is pleasanter for me every day," she replied, earnestly.—"But, Richard, you do not seem so well as you did, and Abretta is not like herself. Perhaps this place is not good for either of you."

Mr. Effingham looked more grave again; but rather with doubt than anxiety.

"I think Borneo agrees with me very well, my dear, and so it seemed to do with Abretta until that handsome English playmate of hers came back a wounded hero. I suspect that the child is giving way to a bit of schoolgirlish romantic sentiment. Not a very alarming case, probably, but one that we must not encourage to become so. You and Sadie cried a little with her, I recollect, when the report was that the young man had been killed. That was but natural and right—he had been like our own boy amongst us. We would prefer, too, that our girl should be open and honest with all her feelings, and not affect a mature coquette's airs of indifference to masculine fates. But as our remaining sojourn in the East is to be so short, and it is not certain that we shall ever meet any of these foreign friends of ours again, it may be wise, perhaps, for you, my dear, to see that the boy and the girl do not imagine themselves quite broken-hearted at parting."

Mrs. Effingham glanced alternately from his face to her letters while he spoke, with some appearance of nervous apprehension. When he paused, however, her eyes instantly resumed their ordinary tranquil expression, and sought his, responsively.

"Your idea may be only a continuation of mine, after all," said she. "Physical enervation, in a degree, makes any one more sensitive to the slightest emotional influences, and perhaps Abretta's has a tendency to exaggerate, in her, every newly-touched sensibility."

"Your womanly experience, Julia, should qualify you to judge of that, much more comprehensively than I. It was a great surprise to me when our girl exhibited such very strong feeling at the first news from Bruni. As you say, it may have been because her nerves were not in their usual elastic health. Your judgment shall be mine, and I'll not disregard your doubts of the fitness of the climate for Abretta. After the next American mail we will prepare to leave Borneo without delay."

As he finished speaking, the merchant left his chair and moved towards the door by which he had entered.

"I must answer some of these letters for the schooner returning to Singapore," he explained. "Do not be worried, my dear, about our share in the fire. At the largest, it will merely oblige me to invest something the less, at first, in the North-Borneo Company I hope to organize on our return to New York."

Then he went out; and the wife, no longer heeding her correspondence on the table, rested an elbow upon the latter and bowed her forehead to the support of a shading hand. Did her husband think more on a certain subject than he had yet confided to her? Had she, herself, any ever so indefinite intuitions of it which she neglected to realize? She was conscious of there being something voluntary in the hazy vacillations of her mind relative to the whole sequence of the meetings with Belmore in Batavia and his uncle in Kuchin; for of the ensuing familiar acquaintance and its episodes she had chosen to be scarcely more than a passively friendly observer. She had not tried even to see below the sunny surface of their present aspects; much less to conjecture future results for them. Was it a prompting of unrecognized instinctive purpose, or merely a weak unsettlement of mental energies, that had caused her to drift so insensately with the current since those days in Singapore?

Berner knocked at a door, unheard, and then came in, cautiously:

"Colonel Daryl begs to see Madame."

"Say to him that I will come out immediately."

The Swiss bowed and withdrew. Madame looked into a small mirror on the partition for a moment, and then followed to the room in which Mr. Dodge and Cousin Sadie have once been seen together.

"I must apologize for an unceremonious afternoon call, Mrs. Effingham; unless you can find enough excuse for it in the irregular weather of the wet monsoon, and the limited leisure of an invalid's nurse," said the Colonel, after a stately handshaking, and betaking to chairs.

"You are welcome, sir, without qualification, both in your own person and as bringing us news—good news, I hope, of your nephew."

"Ah, thank you. Edwin is convalescing as youth only can, and I am the bearer of his compliments to your family, with grateful acknowledgment of the friendly interest you have all shown for him in his mishap."

"We have been most anxious about him."

"He fully appreciates your great kindness, I can assure you. May I be allowed to express the hope that Mr. Effingham, your daughter, and Miss Ankeroo remain as well as my friends of 'the Grove' had the pleasure of believing them to be last evening at Mr. Merton's?"

Mrs. Effingham felt like smiling at this pomp of politeness in her military brother-in-law, but answered him sedately in his own vein:

"They will be flattered to hear of your remembrance of them. My husband is at urgent letters of business; my cousin may, probably, be found yet in her school-house; and Abretta is on a call at Mrs. Von Camp's. A dinner-party in Kuchin does not entail such fatigue for the next day as would one in London or New York. But we had not the pleasure of meeting you at Mr. Merton's, Colonel Daryl."

"It would have gratified me to be there, madame, had I been longer returned to Kuchin, and more confident that Edwin's urging did not exaggerate his fitness to be left alone. From talk at the breakfast-table, I infer that your dining resolved itself into a kind of international debate."

The lady laughed pleasantly, and the Colonel's grizzled brows lifted slightly with an expression of whimsical humor.

"When we were not Orientalists we were politicians, I am afraid—that is, the gentlemen were; and as for the ladies, most of them were old and grave enough rather to enjoy the novelty of not being expected to withdraw from the table so soon as the gentlemen were ready to discuss matters not wholly trivial."

"The Rajah and Mr. Williamson show a disposition to compliment my friend, Hedland, somewhat ironically, upon his success in calling out the conversational powers of Mr. Effingham," said the Colonel, smiling.

"My husband saw that he was bent upon mistimed finical controversy, and deliberately averted endless irritating dialogue by summary monologue," said Mrs. Effingham, with a shade of haughtiness.

"To be strictly just to a man like Doctor Hedland," returned Colonel Daryl, coldly grave again, "we must judge him by no common standard. Habits of wandering about the world without social object have made him an uneasy subject for conventional society. Such a man's personal likes and dislikes are not always to be inferred from his apparent suavities and pugnacities. Indeed, he is quite too independent to assume either manner toward those whom he dislikes. Of them he is

practically oblivious; so, if you hear him talk, at all, either of, or to, any person, no matter how harshly, you may take it as a sure sign that he does not wholly dislike the one in question. Now he positively admires your husband, madame. He intended it as a high compliment when he said to me, only this morning: 'That American is the proudest man in the world.' Monologue, on any given subject above the commonplace, is his own cherished method of crushing out all controversy. To use it successfully against himself was to gain his highest respect. There is not the slightest invidiousness in his characteristic tribute to Mr. Effingham; for it means no implication of unwarranted assumption. It is his way of describing a dignity of private character so well-founded and justly self-assured, that it never dreams of needing factitious pretense to command immediate recognition and respect."

His listener had an intuition that he was in some manner emphasizing the subject beyond its mere passing relation; although his words, in themselves, gave no clue to a reason therefore.

"My husband," said she, "is certainly not proud in any arrogant sense of the term. He considers an American gentleman the peer of any social character in the world, and has required all his patience to meet the real, or assumed, misapprehensions of foreigners, and especially Englishmen, regarding distinction of classes in the United States. Generally assuming, that educated Europeans are as well informed about us as our average school children are about them, he is often forced unwillingly into an aspect of affronted pride by such questions as Doctor Hedland's. Even I have been sometimes impelled to patriotic vindication, by the curiosity of some English squire's daughter to know, whether the army of Washington was *wholly* composed of Indians; and the equally vexatious idea of many a more pretentious London lady, that the best society of our country is that to which belong the showy and phenomenal American wealth-makers, whose vulgar ostentation obtains far more distinguished social estimation abroad, than it ever knows, or can buy, at home."

The color heightened on Mrs. Effingham's cheeks; her eyes lighted and her breath came faster; as she forgot to extenuate farther her husband's pride, in recalling what had aggrieved her own.

"For foreign injustice of that description there are occasional exemplary reprisals on your side, my dear sister-in-law," observed the unbending soldier, with a momentary look in which might have lurked a meaning not so suavely gentle, in all respects, as his language. The gleam lasted only for an instant, however, and was lost in an expression of equable dignity as he went on: "Perhaps you are wondering whether I am here for no other purpose than to gossip of yesterday's dinner-party? It is a fact, that the motive for my call grew out of that unique episode in Sarawak social life; for I hear that the approaching departure of your family was mentioned with regret, and this reminded me that I should not have many more opportunities to see you."

"I hope, Colonel Daryl, that our acquaintance need not end with our Borneo sojourn," faltered the lady; troubled by his air of beginning something not easy, nor wholly pleasant, to say.

"Mrs. Effingham, we must not even pretend to ourselves, that my nephew and myself are likely ever again to have the happiness of meeting yourself and your family after our parting on this Island. It can scarcely be hoped that you will return hither; certainly Edwin and I have no more hope of seeing your country, for

many years, at least; nor of returning sooner to Europe. I have paid my last visit to Sambas, in pursuit of a now virtually extinguished solution of the hereditary problem that once held out some possibility of the re-establishment of our family fortunes in England. If I had not been recalled, to my nephew's bedside, I could have gained nothing more in Sambas. Amongst the shifting savageries of that Dutch-bewitched Dyak-land no more trace has been left by the poor, demented purloiner of our patrimonial patents, than a drowning sailor leaves in a storm. The young Lieutenant and the old Colonel are destined to stay long in the China seas and India; the one to carve out slowly a fortune for himself, if he can; the other to give his remaining years to obscure and uninspiring soldierly duty.—You must see, then, dear madame, how unlikely it is that we can ever meet with you and yours again, after our farewells here."

"If this must be so, you and Mr. Belmore will do us the justice of believing, that we regret it as sincerely as your most partial regard for us could desire."

"And we shall regret it; none the less, I fear, that, for both of us, any other event would have been a pleasure extended, only to be the more perilous in the end."

Mrs. Effingham looked the question her lips did not ask.

"Speaking selfishly for myself, first," he went on, recognizing the mute appeal and unconsciously leaning toward her, with every lineament softening as he spoke; "I will trust the fine intuition of your sex to detect something very different from rudeness in the confession, that my unexpected meeting with yourself has been an unmanly pain to me! Yes, the more exquisite a pain for being kept devouringly alive by the insidiously-delusive pleasure of it. Your woman-heart can surely interpret aright the seeming paradox. I took you for Caroline Dornton—your voice is hers—your eyes, your air! Struggle with myself as I may, every new sight of you brings your sister again before me, to blot out everything in twenty years of my life but the unrecognized wild Hope that had been the secret perennial vigor of carking Despair, and to kill that Hope at the instant of its revelation to me—to kill it and leave the Despair to run yet its normal course. You bring me the ghost mocking and torturing me so; but, for all, a Spirit so sweet to my regenerated memories, that it will hold me in paralyzing thrall so long as you, its gentle priestess, remain where I must sometimes hear and see you."

Tears welled to the eyes of his hearer, and she made no attempt either to repress or wipe them away. They did not even disturb that compassionate, steady gaze into his sadly stern face which, withal, had a certain covertly pleading suggestion.

"I understand you, thoroughly," she said, slowly, and with pathetic emphasis; "and all that you generously do not say, I understand, too. You will know my meaning, as clearly, when I declare that it has been far more grief than happiness to myself to find you the worthier of having been my dear sister's husband, in being incapable of feeling compensation for her loss from the utmost expiation of a great wrong to you that her sister has been able to offer. If you had loved less, the softening and reconciling experiences of twenty years would have made your judgment more lenient to a mother-love, fighting frenziedly only to retain an object so lovely that your own heart broke because you could not take it away. If you had loved less, my likeness, in your eyes, to Caroline, with the

spirit I have confessedly shown, to propitiate humbly your kindlier judgment of Caroline's mother, would have enabled me to give you, at least, some atoning reassurance for your justly angered, manly pride. But I have not been able to hide from myself, from the first, Colonel Daryl, that, with the certainty of Caroline's death, renewed bitterness of feeling towards our mother has come to you. Your considerate appearance of relenting, on occasions, has not blinded me; and while, knowing what you have endured, I cannot blame you, the fact has imposed it upon my commonest filial instinct to show you even less unreserved sympathy than I have felt."

The Colonel heard her with bowed head; finely sensitive to what it must cost such a woman to speak in this way, and secretly uneasy at seeming to exact what from her, at all events, was an ideally generous reparation.

"Were you the less nobly forgetful of my selfishness and weakness, madame," he rejoined at last, raising his look to her sorrowful face again, "I should feel unspeakably humbled in your sight for having allowed you to suffer so much, undeservedly, from their assertion. If your Mother gave me, as I thought, much less than justice, you give me so much more, that I am really shamed to put yet one farther unmerited burden upon your generosity."

Once more her gentle eyes looked the question that her lips did not speak.

"You are aware, dear Mrs. Effingham, that Edwin Belmore is like a son to me; a legacy to my lonely, starved affection from a dying sister. You have seen what he is—a pure-hearted, unaffected, honest boy, with all his troubles before him and no worldly knowledge to teach him that they must come. He renders to me the trust and obedience of a son, and it has been my fault that his happy idling here has gone on so long. From week to week, before the Bruni expedition, I deferred too indulgently to his inclinations, because that undertaking seemed to offer the earliest means of facilitating his return to duty without specific constraint of my authority. I will not say that my wisdom was at fault in the matter; for it perpetually reminded me that I was acting unwisely; but my heart was tender for the fatherless boy, so innocently joyous in his first real taste of the sweetest luxury of youth, and, in my own as self-indulgent lingering, I could not bear to shorten his guileless summer day. Now, instead of being with me at Singapore to rejoin his ship while I resume my command, he is back in Kuchin; with me recalled to be again his sponsor; and the yearning recollections and tender fancies of a humored invalid are not likely to make my last task with him less difficult than the first might have been. My dear Sister-in-law, you must know what I mean, and you will not refuse to help me?"

Mrs. Effingham's expression of countenance had something like fear in it.

"How can I help?"

"Soon Edwin will be strong enough to leave the house; then he will come here. You have a treasure that is not for him, and he must be made to realize the truth before he goes back to his appointed place in life."

"Colonel Daryl, I cannot pretend to misunderstand you. Must it be so?"

The Colonel raised his eyebrows in surprise at an inquiry that seemed to him indicative of an incompleteness of perception he would not have expected.

"There is no alternative, madame; for I fear that my

nephew is already seriously attracted to your lovely daughter. She, I presume, has had the safeguard of your motherly vigilance; but my poor boy has been allowed, by a less faithful guardian, to trifle with the peril that he knew not of. If, on his next visit here, a considerate kindness does not make him understand, beyond all question, that only friendship is possible for him from this home, he may carry away with him some delusion to make his disillusionizing maturity the desolate waste—his Uncle's has been!"

At the last clause, in which an afterthought seemed to assail herself, the lady assumed the first air of repellant pride she had ever shown to the speaker since their first interview.

"Excuse my slowness of apprehension, sir," she answered, mechanically; "Mr. Belmore stands too high in the affectionate regards of all in this house, to make any request in behalf of his interests unwarrantable. It shall be my care to observe your wishes in that relation without farther question."

"I perceive that it is my misfortune to offend you, Mrs. Effingham. Will you not allow the difficulty, as well as the painfulness, of the duty I am performing, to plead somewhat for me? How futile would be an attempt to conceal from you, that my own experience is the occasion of this fearfulness for my boy! But for that, and your knowledge of it, I should not presume to be here on such a peculiar mission. It is trusting and confiding in you as one might in a sister, to approach you with a request of so unusual and onerous a nature, that ordinary usages would justify you in resenting it as a gratuitous impertinence. Pardon me, madame, if I have presumed too far in this."

"There should be no question of presumption, Colonel Daryl, in any appeal you could make to the friendship of Caroline Daryl's sister."

Never before from human lips had he heard his lost wife mentioned by his own name, and it thrilled the man like the sound of a sweet voice he had thought stilled forever. Rising abruptly to his feet, he grasped both of the lady's hands impulsively, and, for a moment, looked intently down into her calmly upraised face without speaking.

Then he said, fervently: "Be those, Sister, your last words for me to-day."

She arose, also, her countenance beautifully expressing the fullest apprehension of the finely unspeakable sentiment inspiring his request. Inclining his head, he raised her right hand reverently to his lips; bowed, and withdrew without another word.

A moment she remained motionless where he had thus left her, abstracted in far-reaching thought; then moved slowly to a window and gazed out, over veranda and garden, to the river dimpling with a gentle rain. Consciousness of failure made her heart heavy; for the interview had taught her, conclusively, that the wrong she had humbly confessed for a dead mother, and, as it were, submissively offered all that she could, of her own feelings, as a sacrifice for, remained yet a keen and subtle weapon in the hands of its unforgetting sufferer, only rendered the more trenchant, perhaps, by all that she had done. Delicately courteous as her sister's robbed and spurned bridegroom ever was to herself; loftily chivalrous even, in gratefully assuming unworthiness of her individual graciousness; none the less he had imperiously dictated to her that she must finally become a servile instrument of his resentful pride! A peculiar irony of assumption suggested itself in his unprefaced interposition to rescue his nephew from a cruelly misplaced trust, before that unconscious youth,

or any other earthly being, had revealed, by word or action, the slightest actual proof of such a danger. In effect, if not in terms, he arbitrarily forced the emergency, with an air of tacitly recognizing it as already an inevitable existence; thus seeming to plead for his beloved one against assuredly predestined fate, while, in reality, dictating the whole issue himself, even to its very hour, and making Caroline's sister the helpless minister of his contemptuous will!

Mrs. Effingham realized this vividly. It gave a sense of impotent humiliation to Colonel Daryl's uniform and frankly appreciative homage to her own distinctive personality. Suddenly throwing her hands above her head, and clasping them passionately there, she put her troubled mind's one, scarcely trusted hope into the question:

"May I ever tell him—all?"

CHAPTER XVII.

CHRISTIAN AND PHILOSOPHER.

"THE GROVE," as our Rajah called his latest official residence, has been described as standing, under arches of palms, upon a gracefully-swelling mound, or knoll, not far back from the water's edge. Behind and partly around it hills lapped upon higher hills, and these upon yet loftier, until the distant umbrageous wilderness was lifted to the azure-softened eminences of a mountain-range. From the immediate palisaded grounds of the Government-house, a road, or, in effect, a broad green alley, had been cleared through the jungle to the summit of a gradually rising farther acclivity, on which a beautiful natural bower, supplied with primitive seats and a hammock, commanded unimpeded views of the native "campong," the river, the European cottages of the flanking heights, and the luxuriant retreating uplands of either bank of the Sarāwak. Up to this elevated retreat was the favorite morning and evening walk of Rajah Brooke. Unattended, save by the special pets of his little indigenous menagerie which were trained to besit the indulgence—a meek-eyed doe, or "kijang," the mias "Betsy," a bear-cub not larger than a cat, and a black Bugis monkey—and by his old English bull-dog, "Billy," to maintain zoological decorum—it was his wont to trudge sturdily to the height at sunrise, or near the close of sunset; often with the Bugis on one shoulder and a parrot on the other.

A sweetly capricious day of arbitrary passing flirts of huge rain-drops and as playful surprises of dazzling sunshine, was closing with such a magnificent confusion of rich colors in its cloudy fleece as only the fervid Tropical sun can mantle upon the vaporous canopy of a spot of earth so temperately aired as the cool, green Sarāwak valley. Orange and rose were the hues chiefly contending in the parting light around the bower on the Rajah's Hill, where two men, seated near each other and smoking after-dinner segars, looked forth between the shading palms upon the tranquil picture beneath and around them.

"—Yes, this is my ambition," one of the two was saying, in continuance—"to see these hills covered with the plantations and homes of an industrious, thrifty, regenerate people; to see schoolhouse and Christian church arise in Kuchin, and busy factory and storehouse on the banks of a commerce-crowded Sarāwak."

"May you live to witness the beneficent consummation!" was the hearty responsive aspiration.

"Ah! but shall I live so long, Hedland? The question is one I often ask myself. That wound in the lungs at Rungpore was permanent inroad upon a life

that would not have lasted until now, but for the seafaring and invigorating occupations of all my subsequent years. Now that my physical activities are limited, I find myself not so strong as before."

"You could not be persuaded, I suppose, to go back to England, on a visit, when I return there? The moderation of the climate here is deceptive. I find it slowly debilitating."

"Perhaps you are right; and I may try a homeward trip, two or three years from now. My presence may be necessary to induce our Government at least to occupy Pulo Labuan."

"Don't be too sanguine of much help from Parliament and the ministry, Brooke," said the naturalist, skeptically. "Remember Raleigh, and Hastings, and poor, neglected Raffles. Conquering soldiers are the style of men England appreciates for any part of the world. Daryl tells me that your agent, Wise, thinks you will be knighted. You would accept the Bath because it would be of moral advantage to you in your dealings with the Orientals; but which do you suppose will weigh the more in securing it for you—your services to mankind in Borneo, or the fact that you had an ancestor—Sir Robert Vyner—who was a baronet and Lord Mayor of London in the time of Charles the Second?"

"It will be a matter of purely diplomatic value to me, however it comes," replied the Rajah, indifferently. "Do you know, Hedland, that prahu of yours, down there,"—waving a hand toward the river—"is almost exactly upon the spot where we first anchored the *Royalist*, six years ago? We gave Muda Hassim twenty-one guns, and the good old fellow answered with eighteen from the stockade around his house. Then we went ashore in the *Lily* gig and the *Skim-along*—you remember the boats?—and had tea, and cigars a foot long, with Muda and his brothers, to the music of deafening tom-toms. The house was a long shed in palisades, on that mound, over there, next to the hill where I afterwards put up the house now so handsomely kept by the Effinghams. The rock you see showing at this tide, to the left of the old Rajah's wharf, is the one on which the frigate *Samarang* unexpectedly tilted over, two years ago. All her stores were lying loose on the shore for weeks, with native throngs continually around, and yet not an article was stolen. What does that say for the honesty of my poor Dyaks?"

"The rich Dyaks, like the rich Malays, are the ones whose plundering proclivities you have to guard against," said the Doctor, dryly.

"Excepting Usop and Makota," returned the Rajah, "even the Malay pangerans have much more honesty than I had expected to find in them. Muda Hassim has been generally as true as steel to his English professions, and as for Budrudeen—I could trust him like a brother."

The old friends sat gazing, together, over the palms and roof of "The Grove," into the river-holding valley below them; undulating vernal descent, "atap" house-tops showing between trees, Indian schooners, prahus and sampans upon the placid stream, the old, yellow native town, and the picturesque cottages crowning, or climbing their respective wooded knolls—all taking the sun's departing benediction with the grace of the languid East turning softer to the fiery West. It was a scene profoundly suggestive for thoughtful men; so little relieved from humble primitive barbarism, and yet, withal, having delicate vital touches of a new history wherever the eye sought continuity of the old.

Within that single reach of watery mountain-pass, less than forty miles from its ocean-entrance, could be found the highest type of Christian civilization ever known to Borneo, at the farthest point of geographical advance yet made by civilizing agencies into the vast Island's Continent-like depth and width of unexplored savagery.

"It is the old body, with another soul," remarked the Doctor, at last.

"But such a weak, uncertain young soul, as yet!" sighed its creator.

"I can see vigor in it," maintained the other. "There, for instance, is your own pleasant home, down yonder, taking the place of that heathen Makota's gloomy den. Such a change, in itself, means much."

"So, you have dropped Makota, at last?"

"Or, rather, as I told you in our first talk about it, the yellow-faced scamp has dropped me. That was a clever piece of acting—his flinging the pistol on the ground and handing it to me with such a speech! I was puzzled to understand his true motive until your surgeon told me of Amina's coming secretly here, to him, for arsenic. The swarthy wretch is ill-treating the girl, of course, and thought he would anticipate the falling out we were sure to have when I should hear of it."

"Doctor Treacher informs me, Hedland, that you favored the Pangeran in his suit for the hapless young creature."

"I simply did not oppose. It was policy for me to become 'Niau,' or heart's-friend, with Pa Jenna, by the old Kayan ceremony of the transfusion of a drop of blood from each into the arm of the other—a kind of sentimental vaccination. Consequently, he does nothing without my sanction; and when the quite willing girl was offered the extraordinary honor—for a Dyak maiden—of a place in the harem of a Malay prince, he applied for my assent. Why should I have opposed? The Pangeran had always treated me handsomely; Amina longed to repeat the destiny of her sister, Inda, Budrudeen's wife; and, although Pa Jenna is the richest Orang-Kaya in Borneo, and of the proud Illanaon caste, he keenly coveted the distinction of having both of his daughters at court. I knew his wishes and the girl's; there was no reason why I should offend Makota; and so I—merely did not interfere."

"Was that the noblest course for a Christian Englishman, Lawrence?" asked the Rajah, mildly, but with a significant look.

"It was the true, philosophical course, at any rate," was the response.

"That term, 'philosophical,' is made often to cover such acts of unscrupulous selfishness, or moral indolence, as any barbarian might blush to excuse!" exclaimed his friend, vehemently. "What has come over you, Hedland?" he went on, his tone changing to a kind of remonstrative entreaty. "You were always a contradictory mortal, and yet it seems to me that even your consent to be reconciled with myself—after a grievance wholly of your own imaginative creation—may be only the freak of a greater perversity."

The philosopher smiled, but not at all genially, and carefully knocked the ash from his segar.

"I suppose I'm what they call an 'eccentric,' Brooke," he said, with peculiarly cool deliberation—"as you are, yourself, in a measure! You know what you have named your new boat?—*The Jolly Bachelors*. Well, how much sense is there in that name? Are uncompleted men: confirmed 'bachelors', like you and me: ever 'jolly'? This scheme of yours

for the moral regeneracy of Dyak-land is an 'eccentricity'; and my hermitage amongst apes and head-hunters is another; and I do not believe that either of us would be here at all if we had married!

"Nature has certainly appointed woman to be the essential complement of man, and their joint cultivation of domestic life to realize the only normal fulfilment of man's rational destiny. If, from any cause, an individual departs from the proper social continuity of development of his kind, and fancies that he can put intellectual singularity in place of symmetrical commonalty of physical genius with his neighbors, that singularity soon shows itself to be a forced abnormalism: a degree of insanity: neither wholesome for the world, nor a pleasure to himself.

"Old bachelors, old maids, childless parents, and even particularly mismatched married people, all become more or less mentally malformed, in time; because, physically, or psycho-physically, they have been but partly developed; certain essential elements of their intended growth into the full roundness of a complete human existence being allowed to wither in the germ; and their mental characteristics mature into corresponding one-sided deformities of reason. You and I have often felt a superior sort of compassion for the poor old solitaires of both sexes whose pitiful withered lives are made burdens to themselves, and unpleasant repulsions to every one else, by their morbid conceits of perpetual physical ailments; we have impatiently deplored the perversion of nervous spinsters and childless wives doting on pestilent cats and dogs, or—if they are vulgar—making continual nauseating advertisement of their fancied bodily disorders and mania for drugging; and yet the moral Borneo is your old-bachelor morbid ailment and metaphorical cat and dog; and my insensate celibate moping and drugging are the discovery of primeval man amongst the tree-tops!

"In our cases Nature is revenging, as she always does, a half developing manner of existence; only, you and I may happen to possess a little more brains than some other lop-sided men-growths, and our mental abnormalisms produce 'eccentricities' of a more specious intellectual order. Your missionary crusade, here, is another form of the constitutional religious craze of the more tolerable of old maids and disengaged elderly women generally; and I show the irritability and scandal-love of the intolerable ones in quarreling even with you, and encouraging a Makota to tell me how he hates my best friends!"

Dr. Hedland's delivery of this extraordinary physiological discourse so clearly evinced, by its personal manner, that he was self-contemptuously lashing himself rather than any one else, that the man whose noble career he had classed with his own in such reckless cynical discourtesy, was too magnanimous to be offended.

"As you generously take to yourself the more malignant phases of 'mental abnormalism,' as you call it," said the Rajah, leaning back against a tree, with a forgiving laugh, "I ought not to complain, I suppose. But,—not to question your argument, Hedland,—are you aware that a curious change has come over you since we parted at Singapore? With the freedom of an old friendship—never interrupted by my own will—I shall venture to describe it as an apparent loss of your pride in yourself—your self-respect! Always impetuous and plain-spoken, you now seem to me to include yourself in the sweep of your passionate intolerance; for you sometimes have an air of wantonly provoking others, merely to prove your reckless indifference to any ignominious repulse you may bring upon yourself.

That wholly gratuitous onslaught upon Mr. Effingham, for instance—suppose he had treated it with the surprised disdain that the circumstances would have justified?"

"Instead of which he patiently muffled me from head to foot in the American Flag—and I respect him for it!" confessed the naturalist. "And so you think, Rajah, that my tone of personal dignity is lowered? I don't know but you're right. How much dignity will be left for manhood in general, if I can make it plain to the world, that the ape returned by me to my prahu, down yonder, this afternoon, supplies unanswerable proof that we are all no more than intellectually-advanced monkeys?"

"The same amount of dignity, my friend, that belongs properly to manhood now;—that which is vested in its mental, moral and spiritual superiority over the highest possible development of the next order in animal nature, whether it has remote kindred with it, or not."

"Now that is sophistry, Brooke," retorted the Doctor, not sorry to be upon his hobby again; "you cannot dismiss the question with a flourish of abstract sentiment. The basis of all original human pride in human nature lies in the belief that it is immeasurably removed from any natural ties with brute-nature; that Man had a special creation as consummate Man only. Upon this fundamental pride—I call it presumptuous vainglory—you may build up any superstructure of mental, or moral, or spiritual arrogation that you choose; but knock that foundation forever away with an Oshonsee, and what becomes of your edifice?"

"Even with such a foundation torn away, if it has been honestly and nobly built there-above it need not necessarily fall into ruins; but, rather, it may, without losing its essential integrity, sink to a new foundation of its own unquestionably demonstrated primary superiority to whatsoever is ungoverned by reason and moral principle; and so, while sacrificing some pride of mere altitude, acquire a finer dignity of proved superstructural strength."

The burly naturalist shrugged his shoulders, and smiled grimly.

"I don't think," said he, "that you appreciate the proportions of the foundation to be knocked away; for they certainly constitute a good half of the whole edifice. If you and I are only the shaved, bleached and educated descendants of a Simian Adam, our supposed moral and spiritual attributes are of no higher origin than might be claimed as the Orang-outan's motive for not attacking men, and for fighting hard against the agony of death. They become the mere instinctive selfish conventions of personal immunity and temporization with vital dissolution. We are moral, because our surest average safety lies therein, and we are spiritual because we want some special system of thought whereby to cope—or fancy that we are coping—with normal life's ineradicable terror of death. As for our educational attributes: which really originate and control what our vanity would make us think are the divinely dictated forms of the others; they are indeed our great distinction from and permanent superiority over the inarticulate lower animals, which cannot alternately condense and diffuse such wisdom as may be amongst them—'sagacity,' we call it—by the intercommunications of speech. It is education only, as it 'forms the common mind,' that would not be forlornly racked to pieces in your edifice of self-conscious human dignity, by a collapse of the foundation laid in pride of species; and education, alone, is

not sufficient to maintain the essential integrity of a superstructure so undermined."

With unchanging serenity of look and manner the auditor of the discouraging philosopher received this rhetorical display of logic, and answered it practically:

"It seems to me, Hedland, that you are a little mad in all this.—I don't mean in the argument you rear upon the assumption that your phenomenal mias completes the chain between man and ape; but in the assumption itself. To me, Oshonsee is yet an inarticulate brute creature. My every instinct, no less than my reason, fails to discover in him any nearer identification with the human race than is casually suggested by the commonest mias of the Sadong, or Sambas. Granted, that his physical conformation is more like man than orang-outan; granted, that he seems to add to the imitative facility of his kind, the reflective sagacity of the elephant, the emulative ambition of the horse, the loyal domestic affection of the dog and the constructive aptitude of the beaver—what are all these phases of dumb instinct but poor, automatic copies of the humblest expressions of human reason? Supplement them even with the speaking-powers of parrot and magpie, and how much nearer do they come to any intellectual or moral equality with the acted and spoken intelligence of the least cultivated human mind? Because Oshonsee, by some freak or exceptional circumstance of nature, is so formed that he can walk erect; because some peculiar past impressions upon his brute-instinct of self-preservation have prepared him to exhibit a few dim similitudes of discriminating reason under your unremitted observation; you rush to the conclusion that he is something more than anthropoid ape;—an ape changing to man, and so proving that every lofty intuition of a divinely distinctive creation, in the human soul is a pitifully false conceit."

Doctor Hedland was as unmoved at this arraignment of himself as his friend had been in listening to his provocation of it.

"You mistake the platitudes of hereditary mental habit for the independent deductions of your own unprejudiced observation," he returned, with an air of necessitated indulgence. "The vanity of mankind has established a system of pretended insuperable distinctions between man and ape, that the strongest unscientific mind by mechanical custom adopts. Even scientists themselves have not been above pandering to it; as when Curier gave designation of 'the four-handed' or quadrumana, to all otherwise humiliatingly man-like denizens of the primeval forest, because, from living chiefly in trees, their nether extremes have been forced into manual functions, whereby the ankles are curved outward and the great-toes compelled to do duty as thumbs.

"Fancy a second Deluge, and the human survivors, at the period of its subsidence below the highest tree-tops, obliged to live in the latter for generations. Say that such conditions of life lasted for a hundred, or even fifty, years; with successive generations clinging to the boughs by their feet, and constrained to almost perpetual crouching postures by the low limits of their shelter: and how much less 'quadrumanous' do you suppose they would ultimately become than are our Borneon miasas? How much longer, or straighter from the hip, would their legs be? Fancy them in all that time not only debarred from all clothing save the leaves Scripturally assigned to Adam and Eve, but with leaves, simply, to shelter their whole bodies from the weather; and,—supposing the climate not perpet-

ually warm, or temperate—can you doubt that Nature would finally supply them with hairy coatings? Then imagine, farther, the eternal intellectual insanity of such an existence, with the corresponding natural depreciation of the faculties of the brain:—how much more mind would your ultimate aborealized human being possess than orang-outan, or chimpanzee?"

"But this argument applies to the degeneracy of man; not to the regeneracy of ape," remarked Rajah Brooke.

"I've heard that criticism before, and will answer as before," was the impatient rejoinder; "It is Unthinkable, practically speaking, that credible natural circumstances could ever so combine as to reduce man to apehood; but to concede the possibility of them even in theory, is to allow the Thinkableness of the converse of the proposition. We may easily suppose natural occurrences to drive the anthropoid apes from a certain forest to life on a plain, and a co-operation of conditions of subsistence and self-preservation, there, to induce, gradually, in their progressive generations, a habit of erect walking and an adaptation of the lower limbs to that method of locomotion. If, in his present estate, the orang-outan covers himself with bedclothing of pandanus leaves in wet weather, why should he not make some sort of leafy hut, to the same protective end, as a dweller on the ground? A common monkey removed to a cold climate will soon, without human instruction, gather any convenient bit of cloth around his shoulder, for its warmth; why, then, should not the erect-walking and hut-building mias, or chimpanzee, take finally to clothing himself. And as a housed and clothed creature, it would not be an unlikelihood of nature for his hirsute covering to depart, as no longer necessary, in the course of a few generations. Well, you see how far our ape is already advanced in the human scale by perfectly Thinkable—I may say practically Knowable—conditions. Your own mind can follow out the remaining evolutions into our kind of manhood, as the gradually increasing and refining physical capacities and sensibilities formulate speech, and tend to the cultivation of instinct into reason."

"And you believe," said the Rajah, "that your Oshonsee is a living demonstration of this advancement from one type to another by process of natural evolution?"

"Emphatically, I do! If you ask me to define specifically the conditions developing this particular mias into such an advanced form of being, I must answer that I have no longer even a local theory about them; for I am satisfied that Makota was truthful at last about the capture of the creature itself, not only in Borneo, but even in the common mias country between the Sarāwak and the Sadong. Furthermore, I have secured the skull of an animal of like development, but female (I think), reported to have been killed at the foot of Tubbang mountain, in our very Sarāwak valley! This overthrows my Sumatran theory. With all his divergences from our Simunjon Pappans, Oshonsee is certainly not wholly of a different species; so I may retain the idea of his hybridism, and believe that on one side he sprang from Pappan stock. But where shall I look for the other factor of his parentage in a region not only now without orang-outans, but wanting the marshy character of soil that, at any period, must have been requisite for any known species?"

"You mention Mount Tubbang: do you know that there is a cave in that mountain?" asked the Rajah, thoughtfully.

"I have been over the mountain often," replied the

naturalist, in some surprise; "but never found, nor heard of, any cave."

"As I remember it," pursued the other, "its entrance is through a hole like a shallow well. Probably it has been concealed, for some purpose."

"That is something I shall certainly investigate," declared Hedland. "The caves and tertiary deposits of this Island may yet reveal something of human history never before dreamed by the boldest speculation."

"Am I to understand your conclusion about Oshonsee to be, that he is a Hybrid of Simunjon Pappan and some greatly advanced unknown species; and that one of his parents may have belonged in the Sarāwak valley?"

"What else am I to think, Brooke, with the imperfect knowledge at my command, and after finding and tracing the significant skull I have mentioned? You have my theory of the conditions by which the humanization of such an ape as the supposable more advanced progenitor of Oshonsee may have been progressively effected; yet, I am wholly at a loss to know how such a creature could have originated in, or come into, any explored part of Borneo."

"Now, one more question, my old friend," said the Rajah, laying a hand upon the nearer knee of the naturalist, and questioning as much with look as voice: "are you, in any respect, a happier man, for having secured the awfully momentous scientific prize you take this mysterious Oshonsee to be?"

The Doctor brought his own right hand emphatically down upon his friend's, and kept it there while answering:

"God knows I am not! The thing works in my intellectual nature like a poison, bringing a kind of delirium at one moment, and a leaden dullness of disgust with everything in human life—myself chiefly!—at the next. I tried once, as I've told you, to shoot the devilled ape; and that action followed close upon the revolt of my every moral faculty against killing a common mias in a tree! It was, as I said a while ago, an unsocial mental abnormalism that led me into this accursed study, and gave me a supernaturally malevolent spite in it. If I had not perversely contemned my kind; if I had taken a suitable wife, and reared children, and given my life its full and free natural expression; all the enthusiasm for science in the world could not have inspired me so to consort with barbarism, and become myself a moral and spiritual barbarian, for the sake of proving that men are but monkeys of a vainer growth!"

"And do you realize, Hedland," spoke the Rajah, with a remonstrating solemnity of inflection, "that if you can convince men of this, you will also be destroying their faith in the immortality of the human soul—the fundamental principle of all religion and Christian civilization?"

Nervously rising to his feet, and abstractedly thrusting his hands into his pockets, the fitful misanthropist betrayed his mind's fretful unrest by pacing the few feet of space available between the trees of their elevated retreat.

"That part of the business," he answered, hurriedly, with his eyes uneasily averted, "belongs to the theologian; not to me. There is chaos in my own mind on the subject; and yet"—with some resumption of his former vivacity—"why should there be?"

*The critic of Doctor Hedland's scientific uncertainties and occasional seeming inconsistencies, must be reminded, once more, that Darwin's theory of natural "Selection, Evolution and Survival" was not then known: nor were Haeckel's and Wallace's elaborations of it.

Is anything ever annihilated in this world—either the body or soul of once-living thing? Death is but a change in the forms of matter; not their destruction. No atom of the world's composition since the creation has ever been annihilated; all is here yet, and must be somewhere in the universe to all eternity, whatsoever the mutations of its infinite forms and attributes. Man's body 'dies,' as we call it, and is disintegrated into its original constituent physical elements; but with no absolute extinction of anything. The vital essence, or the mind, or the Soul, as we may choose to term it, can be none the more annihilated. Released from the body, to which it has been at once the individualizing force of segregate physical cohesion, and the subtle preservative and motorial intelligence, it returns to be a part again of the intangible vivifying force of the whole universe—perhaps as what we so indefinitely style Electricity; to shine supernally in the thunder-storm and Aurora Borealis—Heaven! or to terrify in the earthquake and volcano—Hell! or to enter some new incorporation of living matter—Metempsychosis! This horror of death that men feel is an inheritance from the lowest, blindest brute-instinct; the intimations of immortality, timidly attributed to the human soul, should be rightfully understood as refined, educated and finally unblinded instinct's recognition of Immortality in every atom and essence of Nature!"

The friend regretfully hearing this half-soliloquized degradation of the system of the Universe into mere endlessly-revolving machinery, scarcely knew what antidote could be in the least effective against such obstinate and sweeping materialism.

"All this means virtual atheism," he said, with a mixture of impatience and indignation. "You are miserably changed, indeed, Hedland, to find in your own soul no undying contradiction of your scheme to make it only one of the mechanical forces of nature. There can be no moral, much less spiritual, responsibility in a soul like that, save to the other, sordid parts of the machine it belongs to. Do you realize that your theory implies the hopeless falsity of every noble, saintly aspiration that ever glowed in a bosom worshipful of a Divine Fatherhood?"

"Don't be so unjust to me as that!" exclaimed the naturalist, quickly. "Fichte treats the Universe as simply the logical process of the Divine mind; Schelling finds all nature full of God: what you denominate my 'atheism' makes these two to seem one. From the beginning of all things I see the unbroken, unexceptional workings of a mighty system of Law, as devised and enforced at the creation by an Omnipotent and Just Divinity; and in its every aspect of material development shines a reflected image of the Divine Mind, sustaining and growing steadily clearer in it. Instead of being a jumble of unrelated, casually-exigent creations, all living substances and forms, from the minutest 'spontaneous generation' to consummate Man, are successive links in the one great chain of progressive being, running 'from God's own Hand to God's own Hand.' All is consecutiveness, and order, and Law immutable! Is God the less to be recognized and adored as the Supreme Author, because we find His marvelous Work unfragmentary, coherent, and inexhaustible in every part? Is man less really the highest material development of Divine Law, from the proved consecutiveness of his ascent to that eminence?"

"Material development!" repeated the Rajah, emphasizing the adjective, contemptuously. He, too, now, arose to his feet, and spoke more nearly face to face

with Oshonsee's pervert.—"You are reasoning away the Soul of man altogether! Hedland, I reproach myself for having allowed the conversation to reach such a tenor. I do honestly believe that you are mad on this subject—made so by a fancied astounding scientific discovery; and I also believe that your old good sense will yet return for your cure."

"Fancied discovery!" echoed the other, in his turn. "Why, look you, Rajah of Sarāwak! it may not possibly follow from the same 'fancied discovery,' that this Borneo of yours will have an even chance to be accepted as the scene of man's origin! All history, tradition and fable seem to assign primary human nativity to southern Asia. Geology teaches that the eocene and miocene stages of the globe's tertiary period beheld a solid Europe, Iceland, Greenland and North America all linked in one land. These East Indies were then undoubtedly united to the Asiatic continent; as witness the comparative shallowness, yet, of the fifty to ninety fathom seas between them and lower India. Thus, only Behring Strait,—if even that thirty odd miles of watery interval could then have existed—broke the continuity of dry ground all round our planet."

"We will suppose that sometime in the secondary period of the creation, before the Age of Stone, the mammalia had developed from the marsupials, and the quadrumana (our monkey-friends—perhaps those of Africa and South America without thumbs on their fore-hands) from the then next-highest order of mammals. Then came the tertiary period's morning, or eocene stage, when the North and West were torrid in climate; with palms and Tropical forests in the now England and between Western Europe and the present United States; and a cold, wet, unfructifying climate prevailed in our Tropics and southward."

"It may be naturally supposed that the development of the then highest order of mammals, all over the world—the most man-like: the so-called quadrumana: from marmoset and lemur upward—progressed more rapidly in the comparatively temperate than in the torrid regions. For instance, in this very Borneo, and on its line within the Tropics through Africa and South America, beings structurally approaching the orang-outan, Buffon's 'Pongo' ape, and the chimpanzee may have been developed, while in northern Asia, Europe and North America roamed the mammoths of creation. In the noonday, or miocene, stage of the long tertiary period, the heat of the North and West moderated, and the southern hemisphere grew warmer; whereupon there must have been great migrations of beast and bird; and as the Tropics had then begun to show palm and jungle, the Siberian elephant, the Manatee, or sea-cow, of Behring's waters, and other giants, may have started Southward and Eastward. Probably the quadrumana of the highest development had thus far been found in the cool, marshy Equatorial belt, and some of this grade now moved Eastward and Northward. In the last, or pliocene, tertiary stage, the Americo-European land barrier dividing the Atlantic and Arctic oceans sank away, and the sea rolled freely from Pole to Pole between two finally separated parts of a world. Simultaneously the climate above and below the Tropics was temperate, while that of the Tropics turned torrid; the animal life distributed in the former finding every combination of natural conditions to accelerate its noblest development, while that in the latter was proportionately retarded."

"Say that a creature like your Bugis monkey, Brooke, was the nearest approach, at that time, in the Tropics, to human development, and say, that, in the ages of

the disappearance of the quadrumana elsewhere into the Man type, the species left in the East Indies, India, Africa, South America and the West Indies, developed no higher than orang-utan, baboon, chimpanzee and other anthropoids—where could you expect so certainly to find the nearest approximation to man in the indigenous ape, as in this exceptionally temperate Borneo?"

Such a peroration to all the geology and biology of the speech struck the Rajah so ludicrously, that he could not refrain from laughter.

"Ah, it amuses you, does it!" snapped Doctor Hedland, quite in the manner of his old, testy self. "Do you know what is the exact structural difference between yourself and any common mias?—Well, he has one more wrist-bone than you—that's all! Is his head not shaped favorably for intellectual development?—Well, any phrenologist will tell you that the human infant's head is far more symmetrically proportioned in that superficial respect than the human adult's! Cannot the Bornean man-of-the-woods be developed to walk easily erect, and make a fire? Look at Oshonsee!"

Once more the Rajah laughed with an unconstrained fearfully derogatory to princely dignity; at the same time glancing towards the Doctor's prahu far down on the darkening river, as though amiably willing to "look," literally, upon the phenomenal ape, if he could.

"As they used to say of Hegel," he banteringly replied, "you seem to 'think in substantives,' and one cannot argue theoretically against your positivisms. I suppose you rank Mr. Oshonsee next to the African Bushman in the humanizing scale?"

"There is another toadyism of time-serving science—the designation of the black Bushman as the lowest standard of human development! There are white-skinned bipeds, and in present Europe, too, of more brutal type than he."

"Oh, in a couple of hundred years from now there will be plenty of finely brutalized human specimens all over the world, if you can convince mankind that it is only monkeyhood shaved, walking erect and talking."

"In that you hit me nearly, Brooke. As mankind has been educated, the truth devolving upon me to de-

monstrate must have a tendency to that insidious result, in the common mind at least. I am taught that, by the confusing effect upon my own mental system. Reason as I may, I find my self-appreciation dolefully degraded. Why, Brooke, the occasion of my reconciliation with you is my loss of pride in self! Otherwise, I could never have forgiven you, in the world, for refusing to be offended at me when I was so anxious to offend you!"

Here was the old Lawrence Hedland, after all; to forbear with under every provocation, because he had the justest and warmest of hearts under the perversest eccentricities of speech and action.

The two friends had advanced, as they talked, from the gathering gloom beneath their hill-top canopy of palm-leaves into the declining outer light of the hedged path down the hill. Rajah Brooke, thrust an arm within one of Hedland's, and as the contrasting figures, thus amicably linked, started upon the descent, he answered the naturalist's last reactional confession:

"No matter what brought you back to us; since you have actually come; and not only forgiven me for refusing to quarrel with you, but positively paid compliments to those pleasant Americans; I shall not bother myself about the cause. If you must return to your Dyak village this evening, let it be with a manful determination to turn your hybrid monster loose in his native wilds again. If you do not—take my word for it, dear Lawrence, he will turn your brain."

The admonition was spoken in a tone of beseeching affection that even the irritable philosopher could not resent.

"I dare not do that," said the Doctor, in a subdued, halting voice.

"Dare not? Have you learned to love the creature so well?"

"No; that is not it. I have an affection for him, as he has for me; but he inspires me as much with fear as with love."

"Then why do you not dare?"

"Because," exclaimed the master of Oshonsee, turning to glare into the face of his friend, as they strode on "because, I'll swear that he's A MAN!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEWSPAPERS FOR INDIA.

THE rush of events in our own land and their detailed accounts in multitudinous papers and periodicals leave us little time to inquire how other nations get their news. As for the heathen, we generally conclude that they do without, or leave the spread of news to local gossip. The heathen of India, at least, are as wideawake to their own pleasure and interest as any people, and long ago they adopted the newspaper, both as a literary venture and an adjunct of trade.

In 1818 the young son of Dr. Marshman, a youth of barely twenty years, with the advice and assistance of his father and Dr. Ward, published at Serampore, near Calcutta, the first newspaper in the language of the country. It was called the *Samachar Durpan*, or Mirror of News. Its establishment was the occasion of a rather hot discussion between the missionaries Carey, Marshman and Ward. Carey steadily opposed it; but the young man was enthusiastic and persevering. The paper was received with great favor, both by resident Europeans and intelligent natives. Two weeks later a

native started a paper called the *Destroyer of Darkness*, and still later another paper appeared, published by a Brahmin of the Brahmins, and headed the *Moon of Intelligence*.

Not more than two or three English papers were then published in India; now there are about one hundred English periodicals in that country. Of native periodicals there are over three hundred, in many languages, dialects and characters—the Persian, Hindu, Tamil, Arabic and Burmese characters taking the lead. The larger part of the other languages, Urdu, Gujarati, Mahratti, Bengali, Punjabi and others use some one of the above characters, though the languages may be as different as English, French and Italian, that use the Roman letters.

There are a number of religious papers, but not all to be approved for Sunday reading. The Jains, who have large communities in Central India, require an organ. Their religion is very similar to that of the Buddhists. The Hindus have gods without number, and standing

matter in their papers is an inscription to Ganesh, the god of learning. The Mohammedans use altogether the Persian or Arabic characters. The fanaticism of their religious faith makes them an uneasy political element, and English officials keep careful eyes on Mohammedan publications. The Christian religion is represented by a number of periodicals in all languages. The mission publishing houses do the best and most work, sending out yearly millions of pages of all classes of good reading. Indian Theists are in force, and support several papers. The Brahmo Somaj, whose organ is the *Indian Mirror*, frequently quoted by English and American papers, is a mince-pie sort of religion. During the past fifty years wise Hindus have been collecting from the Vedas and India's many religions many good things, but as yet they have not succeeded in finding the right proportions.

Papers representing trade and occupations are mostly English, separate periodicals being published in the interest of shipping, tea-planters, jute trade, civil service, the army and sporting. Native journals make careful trade notes, and in all matters affecting their commerce foreign quotations are as well known to them as to us.

The making up of a paper in India would seem a strange process to an American printer. The native compositors who use type sit on the floor with their cases about them—in fact, most of the work is done on the floor. Many of them who set type for English papers do not know the English language. They become very expert, and set type day after day without understanding more than the few words they have been able to pick up in the course of their work. The advertising is chiefly of foreign goods imported into India. The native people are too cautious to expend much money in advertising. Newspapers, in the vernacular

are mostly lithographed. Type has been adapted to the vernacular characters, and is less difficult to read than lithographed works, but a finely lithographed newspaper or book is as much superior to type as the painting of a master is superior to a chromo. The press work is done by hand, as native labor is cheaper than engines and great presses.

Illustrated papers are rare. Head and tail pieces in conventional flower and geometric designs are often very fine, but representations of places or persons are little more than outlined, and without proportion or perspective. The mission presses have introduced many European and American cuts, but they are only a little more interesting and intelligible to native readers than their pictures would be to us.

In the names of newspapers the people of India, in a most marked manner, exhibit their poetic, aristocratic and affectionate natures. The "Friends," "Benefactors" and "Well-wishers" of various classes and causes exceed all others. Various "Lights" stand next, as "Light Reflector," "Mountain of Light," "Glittering Sun," "Rise of the Full Moon," and "Woman Enlightener." Other titles can be but mentioned, "Diffuser of Sweet News," "Pleasure of Hearts," "Victory of Islam," "Strewing of Roses," "Preventer of Early Marriages," "Light of Morality," "All Producing Tree," "Ocean of Knowledge" and "Sea of Medical Knowledge."

Nepaul claims to have the smallest paper in the world, issued monthly, but they are evidently not acquainted with the amateur press of America.

The name of the government gazette of the Royal Palace of Bangkok, Buddhist in teachings, and sent only to officials in the capital and provinces, strikes one as good to sneeze by—"Rahcha-kech-chahum-bake-sah."

T. L. HAUSER.

YIK KEE.

BY PATIENCE THORNTON.

AFTER father died some ten years ago, I found, that for three years we had been living on credit. I was eighteen, strong and well, but did not know how to work. In the little back room of the New York tenement house (by the way, the landlady seized my clothes for our rent) I considered my future. I had inherited a great faith in relatives, from my father, so I wrote to seven. I received six polite notes, telling me to go to work, and the following letter:

JONESBORO, COLORADO—JACKSON'S RANCH.

DEAR NELL.—I'm your cousin Jack. Your father once give me money to come out West. I've took up land, got a comfortable home, no style or frills, but good folks to live with and healthy grub. I've got the best wife you ever see and seven fine youngsters. The city ain't no place for a friendless girl. Wife wants you to come. She'll be a mother to you. Come right off. I'll meet you at Denver.

JACK.

Inclosed was a check sufficient to defray expenses; so I started. Denver was then only a large town and the depot a barn-like structure. I got out of the cars and stood bewildered among all the emigrants and their bundles. Some one touched me on the shoulder—a roughly-dressed, broad-shouldered man with long, blonde beard and big, blue eyes.

"Are you Nell?" he said.

"Yes; and you're Cousin Jack."

"I knew you," he said, as he led the way, "by your black clothes an' sorrerful look, an' them big, blue eyes, like yer father's as two peas. We'll git the shader outer 'em when we git home. Yer father was a mighty good man. Bless yer dear heart, don't let them tears come. This 'ere's a dry country; we don't waste no water."

Comforting me in his kind, rough way, he reached his team, a big, green wagon, drawn by two wild-looking steeds which I afterward knew to be bronchos. A fat, blonde boy, about twelve, held the reins.

"That's Ted," said Cousin Jack. "Ted, this is Miss Nell, yer cousin; give her a hug." The fat boy solemnly obeyed.

After this he seemed to have a special claim on my affections because he met me first. Jack's wife was a jolly, plump woman, with brown eyes and curly hair. She always had a baby in her arms and another at her heels. She adored Jack. I never knew them to have a quarrel. I soon grew to love the life at the ranch. I liked the big, half-finished house, its untidyness and comfort—its pleasant, healthy atmosphere. I loved the children, the household pets—Shep, the sagacious dog;

Thad, the clever cat; the hens and sheep; the horses Dolly, Dot and Daisy, that did the plowing, and the marketing at Denver, twelve miles away, and were so gentle and kind we used to ride them without saddle or bridle. I learned that cattle grew fat on the dry-looking grass and gave the best of milk. I learned to love the broad plains and the glorious sunsets, and to watch the distant bands of Indians with half fear, half interest. I helped Cousin Mary, sewed and cooked, kept the house and children neat and lifted many burdens from her weary shoulders. We were so happy. The children and I took long walks over the plains, and Ted and I took many rides on Dolly and Dot, and in the long winter evenings I told the children stories. Occasionally Harry White came over to visit us from his ranch five miles away. He lived with his old mother; he and Jack were dear friends. Harry needed a wife, Jack used to say, winking at me.

One day Jack went to Denver for supplies. He went alone, and coming home later than usual, Ted and I and baby Mame went out to meet him. Jack looked sober and guilty, and seemed ill at ease. If he ever drank, I should have thought him intoxicated. In the wagon was a queer-shaped heap under a horse-blanket. I was sure it moved. When we got behind the barn Jack said, sheepishly, avoiding my eye:

"Well, Ted, I calkerlate I've got su'thing in that there waggin that 'ul astonish yer marm."

Little Mame pulled the blanket off the heap; she had been peeping under it all the while she was in the back of the wagon. There lay a human being. Such an object; short and squat, dressed in a queer blue blouse with flowing sleeves, wide trousers and queer wooden shoes. He had small, black eyes, a shaven poll, from which depended a long, thin queue. His countenance was battered and bruised, his clothes torn and bloody.

"There was a row down to Denver," said Jack; "the Christian folks stove in these 'ere heathen's winders, tore their houses down, an' killed half on 'em. I cleared out soon as I could. When I got half way home I heard a noise back o' me, and out crawled this thing. I was so dumbfounded I couldn't speak. He thought I was going ter send him back, an' he fell ter cryin' and jabberin' in that yap of his, an' clingin' onter my han' an' kissin' of it. It sorter turned my stomach. I told him ter set down, give him some crackers ter eat, covered him up an' told him he could live with me. What do you s'pose marm 'll say?"

"Oh! Cousin Jack," I said, "of course, she will not care. Your home is a refuge for all the wretched and unfortunate."

"Now, don't, Nell," he said, turning as red as a rose, and busying himself about the harness. The Celestial looked at us solemnly; Mame toddled up to him. He looked at her curiously, but did not move.

"Get out, John," said Jack, "you needn't be scared no more; we're to home."

He got out stiffly, and, to my surprise, turned and lifted the baby down. She caught his pig-tail, and pulled it in wild delight. He seemed grieved when I took her away. When Jack told Mary, the good soul found a thousand reasons why he should stay, and hurried to make him a bed in the attic. The Celestial did not say much, but when Jack called him "John," he smiled a sad smile.

"Melican man callee John. Hump. Yik Kee."

So with due consideration for his feelings we addressed him as Yik Kee. He was of great use. He helped take care of the children, did the washing (Mary did

not fancy his method of sprinkling clothes) and helped Jack on the farm. We made him one of the family. He was always pleasant and smiling, but was a man of few words.

Cousin Jack added much to his income by trading in hides. Ranchmen living at a distance sold their hides to him and Jack sold them to traders who came around at certain times in the year. Harry White was a partner in the business. He used to go on a sort of round-up and visit the ranches all over the country. The cattle of the ranchmen roamed in vast herds over the plains, protected only by the brand of the owner. Cattle stealing was frequently practiced. Offenders in this respect were shown no mercy. They were convicted, tried and executed only in the court of Judge Lynch. I never blamed the ranchmen for this; it was impossible to guard the herds in the vast area over which they traversed, and the cattle must be protected in some way. Gil Mead was a wealthy ranchman, who lived about ten miles from us. He owned the largest herd of cattle on the plains. They were branded with the vowels of his name, E. A., which could be recognized anywhere. He always shipped his cattle east to his brother in Chicago. I feared the man. He was tall and gaunt, with deep-set black eyes and low forehead. His home was unhappy; his wife cross and ugly, and his children wild and unruly. This made him more than commonly disagreeable.

I think it was in the fall of '74 that Harry White brought the big load of hides to Jack. Both were much pleased at the bargain they made. Harry gave glowing accounts of a new customer—a ranchman from Chicago, who had taken up an abandoned homestead. He had purchased many cattle from his cousin, Gil Mead, and hoped to rival him in the number and quality of his herd. Jack packed the hides away to keep till December, when we expected the dealer.

One afternoon, not long after this, Gil Mead rode up to the house, looking very agreeable and pleasant. A couple of strangers, also ranchmen, were with him. They wanted to look at the hides, one of the men being a trader, Gil said. Jack was in Denver, so Yik Kee and I went to the barn with them. They looked the hides over carefully, and conversed in low tones, Gil with a suppressed oath. Finally they thanked us courteously and took their leave.

"Hump; no goodee," said Yik Kee, but he wouldn't say any more.

At five that evening, when we were at supper, a crowd of twenty-five or thirty men rode up on horseback. Jack came out and met them, inviting them in to take supper, in his generous, hospitable way. They wanted him to go to Denver with them, there was to be a meeting there of importance to ranchmen. The meeting would be at eight. They had brought with them an extra horse for Jack. Mary looked around for Yik Kee to help her, but he had mysteriously disappeared. I faintly remembered seeing his white, horrified face peering around the barn at the horses. I noted the visitors ate little—the food seemed to choke them. Some of them watched Mary and the baby in a queer sort of way. When Jack, as was his custom, kissed his wife and babies good-by, one of the visitors, an oldish man, coughed huskily, and said: "Blest if I kin stan' this." They all rode off, Jack the merriest of all, waving his hat till he was out of sight.

When we were clearing up the unusual quantity of dishes, Yik Kee appeared at the end window and beckoned me. I followed him out. Ted was with him. Behind the barn were the three horses saddled. Shep

was with them, released from confinement, where he had been secured from following his master.

"Foller 'em," said Ted, in an excited whisper. "Yik's afraid they're up to something."

"What is it, Yik?" I said, sternly. "No fooling now."

For answer he twisted his long pigtail around his neck, tying it under his left ear in a significant manner.

"Hump, he hangee; stealee cow."

"Oh, Mary," I sobbed, remembering Gil Mead's visit, and his strange actions, and dimly seeing what Yik Kee meant, "I must tell Mary," I said, wildly.

"Hump, no," said Yik Kee. "Yellee sick," and he closed his eyes in a die-away sort of manner. "Go now—too latee."

We mounted.

"Mother'll think we're gone to ride," said Ted, as we galloped over the plains. He was deathly pale, poor little fellow, but he sat erect and firm. I saw his father's big Colt's revolver sticking out of his pocket. He was a determined boy. Even in my despair, in my wild hope that I could save Jack by begging on my knees, that I could cling to him, and that they would have to kill me first, I could not help a smile at the comical figure Yik Kee presented on horseback. His loose garments flapped in the wind, his long pigtail flew out behind, and he bobbed up and down like a kernel of corn in a corn-hopper.

It was a soft, warm night, lighted only by the pale young moon and the twinkling stars. We rode as fast as our horses could gallop. Shep was close at our heels. Way ahead, when we reached the top of a little hill, we saw the crowd of horsemen. They were riding toward Denver. We galloped on with renewed zeal. They turned into a cross road leading to Mead's ranch. On this road was a bridge over Dry Gulch, which was in the spring a roaring torrent. Beyond the bridge, across the fields, was the hay-stack of Mead, where was stored sufficient to feed his domestic cattle through the winter. We at last reached the turn in the road. They were three miles in advance, riding rapidly. Yik Kee stopped at the turn. "Hump! Can't catchee. Hangee at bridge. You goee!" He turned his horse and sped across the field, deserting us basely.

We rode on, Ted and I. He was pale and still; my cheeks were burning. We neared the bridge. The high mound of earth before us hid us from sight. We stopped our horses and listened. The men had lighted torches, some were preparing a rough gallows under the bridge; two were uncoiling rope; some held the horses of the others beyond the bridge. The men were masked now, and I could see by the lighted torches that this number was increased. Jack was very white and sad, but he showed no fear.

"I am innocent, gentlemen," he said, slowly, "but I refuse to tell you of whom I bought the hides."

I understood him. Could Harry White be a cattle thief? I felt as if I were growing mad.

"What shall we do?" whispered Ted, cocking his revolver?"

Suddenly a bright red light illuminated the heavens, followed by clouds of black smoke and a queer crackling noise. A yell from the men—Gil Mead's voice above the rest. The hay-stack was on fire. It seemed to me in the glare around it that I could see a foreign-looking human vanishing across the plain.

The men mounted their horses, Gil Mead at the head, and set off across the fields at a mad gallop. They must save the stack. They left Jack, bound hand and foot, and guarded by one man.

Shep, the wonderful dog, had kept by us until now, slinking in the dark shadows. Now, gliding sidewise and still, he reached the man on guard whose back was to us, and with no warning growl caught him by the throat with strong white teeth that could choke a coyote in a second. The man, who was in a sitting posture, fell back with a groan. Ted struck him over the head with the butt of the revolver, and pulled off the dog. I cut Jack's bonds with a knife. He looked at us wonderingly, and staggered to his feet.

"Never mind how we came, Jack," I said; "quick, mount the horse beyond the bridge, and ride to Denver for your life. They will not harm a woman and child."

"Harry White," he muttered, the loyal soul that even now could think of another's danger.

"I will tell him."

"No, no; not of this—only say, if he stole the cattle, to fly the country. They will find out, sooner or later."

He galloped down the road. Ted and I mounted, calling off Shep, who sat on his haunches watching the unconscious man, and then we, too, sped down the road. The hay-stack was giving out great columns of black smoke, but the fire was dead.

Ahead of us was a riderless horse, Dolly, who greeted her master with a joyful whinny. Where was Yik Kee? Then Dot, my horse, shied from the road at a recumbent black figure. It was the indomitable Yik Kee, who had crawled all the way from the stack on his stomach, so that he could not be seen, after lying in the ditch till the blaze had faded out. "Humph! no catchee Chinee; heap sore," he said, laconically rubbing his stomach.

He mounted Dolly, and we rode on to White's ranch. Harry rushed out at the sound of horses' feet, at midnight. There under the twinkling stars I looked into his eyes, and I told him the whole story. He showed no guilt, but only said we must stay the night at his ranch, for the men would come back to Jack's for him, and then mounting his fleet colt rode off down the road. I comforted his mother as best I could. At day-break we rode home.

Mary was in a wild state of alarm. Where had we been? Where was Jack? and how cruel we were to leave her alone. She said that at one o'clock three masked men had come to the house and searched it and the premises, but had not molested her or the children, only asking where Jack was, very sternly and sharply.

At noon Jack, Harry, the sheriff, and a party of armed men from Denver rode up, stopping only a moment to tell me they would be back at night. I dared not tell Mary, and she worried all the afternoon at their strange conduct. At night Jack and Harry came home, looking tired but happy. Then Jack told Mary, and she cried and clung to him as though she could never let him go.

It seemed the pleasing ranchman from Chicago was one of a band of cattle thieves. He sold the hides to Harry, who, honest and open himself, was slow to suspect wrong dealings in others. The sheriff had caught the men skinning a cow that belonged to Mead, and had captured the gang and taken them to Denver.

The men concerned in the attempt to lynch Jack were sincerely sorry. Their regrets would not have availed much, however, if they had succeeded in their purpose. They gave each of the children ten acres of land; they gave Ted sixty-five, and me, whom they pleased to consider very plucky, one hundred and fifty acres. I felt rich

enough, and time has made it very valuable land. The man on guard was our warmest admirer. He thought Ted, Shep and I wonders of courage. He said when I came down on the bridge with the open knife, he thought his last hour had come.

Gil Mead committed suicide not long after this. He was always queer. No one ever knew that Yik Kee set the stack afire. I tell you Jack rewarded the faithful fellow—gave him a good farm, taught him to work it, and built him a house. The funniest thing was Yik Kee had a wife and three queer little children back in

China, and Jack sent for them, and Yik Kee and his family are as happy as they can be. The children play with Jack's (he has twelve now) and get along finely together.

In '75 I married Harry White, which, I suppose, was foreseen from the beginning—at least, Jack says anybody could have seen it. The most serene and satisfied face at the wedding was that of the Celestial. In my inner consciousness, notwithstanding he is a "heathen Chinese," I have the conviction that as great a hero as is seen in modern times is the man of few words, Yik Kee.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XXII.

BEFORE Saturday came, Mr. Evarts had taken his place as a standard topic for conversation, not only in the store, but in every house in town. As the owner of the first bicycle ever seen in those regions, he became a fascinating object to every boy in town, though unlimited derision was his portion from the fathers, who scoffed even more thoroughly at the canoe which came with the bicycle, and every point of which was studied by Hopkins, who had been "on the Lake" in his youth and still hankered after the old life. The river, above the falls, afforded good boating, and the town was scandalized a few days later by the arrival of another boat, and the spectacle of Dorothy and Helen Raymond in the nattiest of boating dresses, on their way to the river, from the shore of which various admiring Kanucks watched them pulling up toward the bend which gave them at last the privacy they were never likely to have in embarking.

In the store the opinion seemed to be general that nothing but a Kanuck or a born sailor had any right to use water as a means of progression when land was available, though land in turn had never been intended by the Creator to be rolled over by anything so preposterously unstable and unreliable as a bicycle. In some way the report had gained circulation that Mr. Evarts was an invalid, and Dr. Cushing confirmed it, saying that he had overworked and was in Lowgate for entire rest and change.

"It beats me," Harding said, as he reported from house to house the latest phase of what struck the inhabitants in general as sheer insanity. "It does beat me. He's tearin' round one way or 'nother from sun up to sun down, an' when he ain't at that he's on his back under a tree an' stares at the clouds. Looks hearty, an' hez to be hearty to stan' the exercise he takes. There ain't a man round here wouldn't have to go to bed if he kep' it up the same way. City folks are all like that. It's their notion o' rest."

The Club, as it came together on the Saturday after his arrival, wondered if he would be there, and looked with some interest toward the doors as Dorothy came in a little late, with the usual big envelope in her hand. They had all been looking at some beautiful cocoons brought in from the woods by Susan Finch, and Miss Dunbar took from a drawer a box which held some shining yellow ones.

"These are some silkworm cocoons that Mr. Evarts brought from Kansas," she said. "He is coming in to

hear the reading of the Busy-Body paper on silk-culture, and he can tell us whatever we may want to ask about afterward."

Mr. Evarts was there as she spoke, and took his place, with a few words here and there, so quietly that there was no reason for being disconcerted, and Dorothy unfolded her report.

"This letter is from Emily Agnew," she said; "a girl you haven't heard of before, but as busy as any of them, and very intimate with both Milly and Amy."

"MEDWAY, N. J.

"It is my turn, dear Eleanor, now that the original Busy-Bodies have spoken. My story is not as interesting, perhaps, though certainly it has been so to me from the very beginning. Amy and Milly say that you want every detail, and so here it is from the beginning.

"We held an informal meeting yesterday afternoon, at which the past, present and future of the Busybodies were discussed. The conclusion reached is, that on the whole, we have been successful, even in our failures. From them we have learned how to guard against others, and they have also served to mitigate the rather unbearable triumph, which, as Aunt Keziah says, accompanies good fortune to the young and inexperienced.

"I rather think, though, that most girls of my age and rearing would consider my life anything but a triumph. I was just seventeen when father lost nearly all he had by the failure of the bank at C—, and of two business firms which followed the crash. We had lived in that careless disregard of dollars and cents which mother always said would be a bane to us children, and when the downfall came I think she was rather relieved that it was over. She set to work, with her usual sweet seriousness, to remodel all our habits; rather a hard proceeding, I fear. I could not understand why the phaeton and pony must go and only a work-horse retained; and it did seem hard that my dresses must be remade so as to serve a second and a third year. But the knowledge of real life dawned upon me most calamitously when I saw that our charities were crippled, and even that the younger children had to do without the school advantages which had been considered a matter of course.

"The first flush of dismay had hardly fallen upon me, when I sought Amy's counsel. Her course had won our admiration, though we little thought I should have to profit by her example.

"Why don't you raise silk-worms?" said she, after I told her I wanted to go to work at something. "There are your father's white mulberry hedges, which he set out for the purpose of experimenting with seri-culture, and never

found time to carry out. I should begin with that, if I were you."

"Amy, you're an angel—a wingless angel!" I said, delighted, and kissing her I hurried away to talk over the subject with mother.

"That dearest of all household deities entered into my plans with hearty interest.

"My daughter will live to be something beside a frivolous girl of fashion, and I shall even bless the day that made us poor, if my children are only made to realize the privileges and duties of life," said she. "Let us get books at once and begin the work."

"Father's hedges were three years old and in fine condition, and the library contained all the treatises necessary for my guidance. Here is the way I managed, with mother's help.

"It was then April, and I sent at once to the nearest cocoonery—the one in Philadelphia—for an ounce of eggs, to be shipped on a cool day, which we put at once in the ice-house. Waiting the sprouting of the mulberry leaf, we went to work to prepare a room and all the appurtenances for their care.

"It so happened that the large chamber over the summer kitchen had been used by us children as a winter play-room. It contained a stove, a few chairs and was light and commodious. That would do admirably for the cocoonery. Then we impressed brother Arthur into the work of preparing the room for the insects. This he could readily do with the 'kit' of tools which had been his from boyhood, and which he used with great ease. After showing him diagrams, he procured rough laths and posts and went to work as follows: About two feet from the wall he nailed slender uprights, lengthwise of the room, fastening them to the floor and also to cleats, which he run across the ceiling. These were two inches by three in size, and a foot or a little more apart; they were to be permanent, and at a distance of five feet another set were nailed. Into the right-hand side of each upright was driven long nails, up and down, five inches apart; they sloped so as to hold little rods that ran across to the corresponding second set. These rods made platforms on which we placed other movable platforms, also made of strips of wood, about half an inch wide and thick, and an inch apart. These were nailed so as to make movable racks, five feet long, and half as wide as the platform (two and a half feet), so that two would fill the space between the permanent uprights. The lowest platform we placed eight inches from the floor, the next thirty inches above, having them in readiness to fill up to within a foot or two of the ceiling if we should need so many. Arthur made a second and third platform, parallel with the first, leaving passage ways five feet between them.

"It looked quite interesting, I assure you, Miss Dunbar, and seemed like business.

"When the mulberry leaves began to sprout in May we made ready; but not till they were of a good size did we bring the eggs from the ice-house to the cocoonery. We spread them upon brown paper very thinly and evenly, regulating the light so the sunshine should not fall directly on the platforms, and watched them nearly every hour, though we knew they could not hatch much under a week. On one or two cool days we had a fire, so the thermometer kept to about 72°, and on the sixth day we were rewarded by seeing the first eggs turn into little wriggling worms that gave little token of any silk manufacture.

"And now our work began in good earnest. The children gathered the young mulberry leaves as if it were fun, but they did not think so before the worms were grown. I cut the leaves very fine with a sharp chopping-knife, and always saw that they were dry or fresh. If there were signs of rain, we gathered enough for two or three days. The eggs began to hatch in the morning, and I at once spread over them a mosquito netting, over which were strewn the fine-cut leaves. The insects crawled through

the meshes, began feeding, and in two hours' time they required food again, so that by night they had disposed of three-quarters of a pound.

"We kept each day's hatch by itself, all through, removing the worms by lifting off the netting to another shelf and placing it on the movable platform. Those we kept cleansed, at each removal, of uneaten food and of any litter which accumulated, and also carefully picked out all inferior and diseased worms.

"We found that the silk-worm cast its skin four times, each interval being called an 'age,' and lasting, respectively, five, four, six and eight days, with a short rest between, making, 'you perceive,' over thirty days in all. Busy days they are for the care-takers, too. They grow rapidly and need coarser cut food, and more of it, during the first three ages. They require incessant watching in regard to temperature, cleanliness and food. Fresh air, too, must be cautiously introduced, a draft being injurious. In the first age they will devour six pounds of fine-cut leaves during four daily meals; in the second age eighteen pounds, chopped coarser; in the third age sixty pounds; in the fourth one hundred and eighty pounds, and in the fifth and last, one thousand one hundred. 'It is like a sum in compound interest,' little Fred said; 'the leaves do count up so fast.' Indeed, we had to turn in, all of us, and help pick; but, fortunately, the last needed no cutting. Will you believe it, Miss Dunbar, it took 1800 pounds to feed the product of that little ounce of eggs! Nine full-grown trees would have been needed to supply my little cocoonery. Perhaps that is not so strange when you realize that there are 40,000 eggs in an ounce. During this time they grew fast and took up a great space.

"At moulting-time they eat less, then appeared uneasy, and became torpid; they were removed to fresh platforms and left quiet. On the thirty-fourth day we provided boughs of willow and twigs of oak with leaves clinging to them, which we spread upon the platforms. The worms were then three inches long, and semi-transparent; crawling up and around leaves and twigs, they spun their marvelous winding-sheets which furnishes the world its richest vestments. In four days time the beautiful little oval sepulchres were finished, out of which the winged moth would emerge in a short time, but they are gathered at about the expiration of the ninth morning from the time the last laggards went to sleep.

"How carefully we watched them! How glad we were when the busy anxiety was over! We had given them plenty of room, an abundance of food, uniform temperature, and now there had been few weak or diseased ones to be removed. We gathered them carefully, sorting as we went, placing together the firm, light-buff cocoons, tearing off the loose floss silk which enveloped them, and felt that we were nearly through our work.

"The first hot day we exposed them to the sunshine from nine o'clock till three or four, when the life of the chrysalis was killed. This was repeated; they were thoroughly dried, by spreading on boards in the cocoonery, where they were frequently stirred, and at the same time kept from ants and mice, and in a few weeks mother pronounced them ready for the market. We sent them to Philadelphia, where we received the regular market price, they having been found quite up to an average standard. We could have 'choked' the cocoons as well by heating them, without scorching, in the oven. They were packed for market in a dry box and sent by express.

"I have the honor to report this result from the first year:

Dr.		
One ounce of eggs,	.	\$5.00
Fixtures for cocoonery,	.	5.00
		\$10.00
Cr.		
36 lbs stifled cocoons @ \$1 per lb,	.	36.00
Profit,	.	\$26.00

"You perceive that I have not accounted for the mulberry food; that was already on the place; neither for the labor. The work of women and children is counted as 'next to nothing,' unfortunately. But the rent of land, cost of sprouts and care of trees, would be about \$18.00; thus the real profit on one ounce of eggs would be reduced to \$18.00, though to balance this the trees would be all ready for future years. Therefore, my first estimate is correct. It is pleasant labor, but it will not make anybody rich."

"Oh, dear!" Molly Peters said, dolorously, as Dorothy laid down the paper, "I did hope it was going to turn out worth while. It's all so easy—so much easier, anyway, than bees."

"It's only use is for a little pin-money," Mr. Evarts said, "and no one can make a fortune by it. I have just read a bit from a Kansas paper that might be my own experience, for I happened upon precisely such a place on the open prairie in June when I was on my way back from Mexico. Here is the scrap which I cut out to give to you. It is what was done in a Kansas parlor, and, really, the new use is infinitely better than the original one:

"'Would you like to look into my parlor, sir?' Of course, we said yes. Our lady hostess had just favored us with a delightful dinner, which, after our long ride across the prairies, was, indeed, a matter to be grateful for. She opened the door, and we looked into the room, expecting to see the usual stuffed hair-cloth, the bric-a-brac, the parlor organ, the stereopticon, the photograph album, and the regulation parlor ornaments.

"Judge of our surprise, then, to see, in an uncarpeted room, three long tables covered with fresh green leaves, which somehow seemed all in motion. Even the window seats and the chairs were laden with green leaves and sprays; and, as to the floor, it was covered with bare twigs. To our look of astonishment, the lady laughed merrily.

"'How do you like my furniture?' she exclaimed.

"'But something still more odd—for a parlor—had arrested our attention. It was a great, green worm, something like a maple-worm, on the table. It lay among the green leaves and was feeding on them. There were

scores, hundreds, thousands of these worms! That was what caused the motion—these ravenous worms feeding on the leaves.

"'Why, what are these, madam?'

"'My silk-worms.'

"'And this foliage?'

"'Mulberry leaves, from those hedges round my garden lot. I bring in bushels of them every day. See the bare stems on the floor.'

"'Yes,' continued the lady, 'I began with a few worms as an experiment two years ago. George—that's my husband—laughed at me at first. He works hard on the farm; but unless it is a better year than last, I shall clear as much off my cocoons as he will off his corn. I get seventy cents a pound for cocoons. And what's the good of a parlor shut up from one week's end to another? I have little time to sit down in it. So I have papered mine with mulberry leaves. And I have my attic and two chambers full of worms, besides. It is pretty and pleasant work to feed them.'

"'Well, this is indeed a new departure,' we said. 'An original idea?'

"'No; not original with me,' explained our hostess. 'I got it from the Mennonites, those Russian refugees, who came to Kansas eight or ten years ago. They brought silk-culture here with them, and imported the mulberry shrubs from Southern Russia. Their women reel the silk off the cocoons, but that takes a great deal of time and patience. I prefer to sell my cocoons to the factory folks.'

"I thought you were too elegant every way, Mr. Evarts, to advise folks to have horrid worms all over their houses," said Molly Peters, reproachfully. "Do you really mean that's the way to do?"

"It is *one* way," Mr. Evarts said, gravely, with no hint of his amusement at Molly's characterization. "I should not advise it, generally. In the Kansas grower's case, she never sat in her parlor, so why should not the worms have it?"

"Come and look at these photographs," said Dorothy, hastily, feeling that the question was one which might come too near home to all of them, and Molly soon forgot her indignation, and before the evening ended, decided Mr. Evarts to be "most as good as a nice girl."

HELEN CAMPBELL.

ALDER BERRIES.

ARE there not more than the birds can eat?
Alder berries, brown and sweet—
Bringing memory of olden times,
When you were preserved in pure, high wines.
Are there not more than the birds can eat?
Alder berries, brown and sweet.

Here is the jay, with his noisy scream—
There stands the robin, proud and serene;
Quaint little wren surveying the bush,
While over it flies the sleek, brown thrush.
Are there not more than the birds can eat?
Alder berries, brown and sweet.

The smoke-pearl coat of the cat bird shines
So close, by the alder berry's wines—
While on the roof, by the broken spout,
The wood-pecker plies his noisy rout.
Are there not more than the birds can eat?
Alder berries, brown and sweet.

Dainty humming-bird, sipping flowers,
Tries on the wine his tiny powers—
Skims away, as the circling swallow
Plunges down from the old spout's hollow.
Are there not more than the birds can eat?
Alder berries, brown and sweet.

Ah, brown berries, of the olden time!
The berries that made grandmother's wine—
In quaint, square bottles, on topmost shelves,
In roomy cupboard, away from elves.
Were there not more than the birds could eat?
Alder berries, brown and sweet.

And here, on this bright, October morn, .
Sweet berries, memory ye've borne,
Of golden days—childhood's time—
Alder berries for grandmother's wine.
Were there not more than the birds could eat?
Alder berries, brown and sweet.

HELEN P. YOUNG.

MIGMA.

THE PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF THE CONTINENT IS NOW AT 23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK. Mail matter not so addressed is necessarily delayed, and is more likely to be lost altogether than if sent direct. Editors of exchanges, publishers of books intended for review, and ALL CORRESPONDENTS will please note the change. The Philadelphia office will be kept open for the reception of subscriptions and advertisements, but parties who have to address us by mail should do so at the New York office.

We desire to render our hearty thanks to the subscribers of THE CONTINENT for the promptness with which they have responded to our request, and mailed to their friends the *hundred thousand* postal cards inclosed to them containing our combination rates. The responses have been so numerous that we have been compelled to more than double our clerical force, and even now we are somewhat behind in our answers. Those sending at this time will please remember that the receipt of a number is in itself an acknowledgment of their order. We send our orders to other journals just as fast as they are reached and can be entered. There is of necessity some delay in getting them on their lists, as they are also busy, and parties should not write under ten days after receipt of our first number. If the other publications ordered do not reach them in that time, they should write, giving their own address in full—and the names of the publications ordered. It is quite impossible to fill our *premium* orders with entire promptitude because of the enormous amount of work required to pack and ship them, and the difficulty in getting our binding done with a promptness equal to the demand. We will in all things exercise the utmost diligence, but the demand upon our force has been so much greater than we expected that we must ask a little grace from those who extend to us such overwhelming favor.

The illustrations of the article, "The Princess and its Author," are from a holiday volume issued by James R. Osgood & Co., which is one of the finest examples of American book-making ever offered to the public.

THE readers of THE CONTINENT will find both pleasure and profit in a close examination of our advertising pages. In them will be found a useful and attractive variety, and it is our rule always carefully to exclude all that is unreliable or objectionable. Very many of our friends at a distance may desire to deal with our advertisers by letter, and we take pleasure in assuring them that we only admit advertisements after careful inquiry as to their reliability. Our readers will always find it to their advantage to examine these columns and send for catalogues and price lists of goods they are likely to require, before they are ready to purchase. One of the most successful household economists that we know says that she obtained her knowledge of goods and the market by answering advertisements and keeping thoroughly posted up on the catalogues and samples of various dealers. By this means she has not only decided, when she leaves home, on what she wants, but knows where it may be found, and has a very good idea of the price she must pay for it. This, and the very general practice of shopping by mail, make the advertising pages of a magazine like THE CONTI-

NENT not the least valuable of its contents. We hope our readers will remember this fact, and in all cases when they address our advertisers give us the benefit by mentioning the fact that they saw the "ad" in these pages.

THE election of Mr. Carlisle as Speaker marks an era in the history of the Democratic party. So far as the Southern members of that party are concerned, it is their initial declaration of independence. Ever since the close of the war the Southern Democracy have been content to furnish electoral votes to the candidates of the party and receive in return a few subordinate offices, such as doorkeeper and postmaster of the House. In the struggle for the speakership, however, the issue was squarely made and fairly met. The adherents of Mr. Randall claimed that the election of Mr. Carlisle would awaken sectional prejudice to the peril of the party in 1884. The response came promptly and defiantly from the friends of the Kentuckian that it was quite time that such arguments were abandoned. By the election of Mr. Carlisle, more than two-thirds of whose votes came from the South, notice is given by the Democrats of that section, that they do not intend to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for their Northern brethren any longer, but expect to count for their full weight in the councils of the party hereafter, and claim their full share of its honors. This is a very fair demand. There is no good reason why one end of a party should be accounted fish and another flesh. If there is any reason why the Southern ex-Confederate element should not control the policy of the country it applies just as strongly to their Northern Democratic allies as to themselves. The revolt which has been made under Mr. Carlisle's lead will not end with his election to the speakership.

THE results of this assertion of the rights of Southern Democrats as factors in the party may, and no doubt will, exercise a very sensible effect upon the Presidential campaign of next year. "Free trade and Southern Rights" was in fact the slogan in this party contest. In effect, it has been decided that next year the Democratic party must stand upon a tariff for revenue only, and that the Southern wing of the party must be fairly represented and thoroughly placated. The Southern politician is not a man who ever abandons any claim for consideration or power once made on the part of his section. He is, first of all, a Southern man, and the interest and glory of the South are always uppermost in his mind. He is willing to allow the North to take care of itself. Without any positive antagonism against the rest of the country, he is always on the alert to gain an advantage for, or resent an affront offered to his people and his section. He is not unmindful of the nation, but it is endeared to him chiefly because it contains the South. To him the part is greater than the whole. The country has very many to fight its battles, but he is always the special champion of his section. This fact always made the South practically "solid" on all questions affecting its interests or its prejudices, and gave it in the ante-bellum era its wonderful predominance in the councils of the nation. This spirit has been so long suppressed that now that it has broken bounds it may be expected to assert itself rather vigorously for a time. The election of Carlisle is a Southern victory, and is

hailed throughout the South with especial delight as such. It will do very much to awaken the old Southern spirit. Fortunately, there do not seem to be any questions of national polity into which this spirit can enter as a material factor. In the party councils, however, it will have free scope, and there is more than one ambitious spirit at the South who will see to it that the occasion does not pass by without an attempt to turn it to his personal advantage. More than one aspirant for the vice-presidential nomination from that section will find a voice to sing his fitness during the next few months. We may look for all of these, however, to subordinate their claims to those of one representative Southern man whom the "Solid South" will support in convention and whose nomination its representatives will make a condition precedent of their own support of a presidential nominee.

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APROPOS of this subject we dropped into the office of a Wall street lawyer whose fame is national and whose eloquence has helped to win more than one Republican victory, a few days since, and in the course of conversation he said: "There is no mistake about it. The Democrats will have to nominate a Southern man for Vice-President, and that man will be Colquitt, of Georgia. He will give more strength to their ticket *at the North, too*, than any other man they could name!"

Should this prediction prove true, the election of Carlisle will smash more slates than any recent event in our political history. Should a Southern man be nominated for Vice-President, it will be necessary to counteract the influence of that idea on the popular mind by making the head of the ticket peculiarly strong in the other direction. A Federal soldier, of merit and distinction, will be the natural antidote. Every civilian aspirant, and every one who uttered a word of sympathy with the Southern cause or its supporters, will be hustled to the rear in a twinkling. Soldiers will be put in the lead. Slocum and Morrison are the men who will be most available. Both were soldiers of unimpeachable merit, and both command the confidence of all parties. Morrison is Carlisle's especial adjutant and an out-and-out free-trader. Slocum was an anti-slavery Democrat before the war, a splendid soldier, and favors free trade in theory and a tariff in practice.

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THE movement headed by General Mahone, in Virginia, can no longer be regarded with indifference by Republicans at the North. Do what we may the questions arising from the peculiar state of society there existing will continue to thrust themselves upon the notice of a party whose express boast is that they are the party of human rights. The party headed by Mahone is the only organization existing at the South which represents the idea of equal right to all—free speech and a fair ballot.

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It should not be forgotten in considering this movement that, no matter what was the *raison d'être* of the Re-adjuster faction, the question of the payment or non-payment of the debt of Virginia, in whole or in part, is no longer in issue. In other words, there is no party and no respectable minority of any party in Virginia to-day, who even profess a purpose or desire to pay any more of the debt than the Re-adjusters have already provided should be funded in new bonds.

THE question of the debt of several of the Southern states is not an easy one to solve at the best. In fact, I very much doubt if the most clamorous advocates for the financial honor of a state, could be safely trusted to pay it all if they had the responsibilities which rest upon those communities and their peculiar relations to the old debt, thrust upon them. It should be remembered that it is not a simple question of "Pay what thou owest" with the cash in the spleuchan to do it with. In the first place, Virginia has other and most pressing need for her revenue. Every dollar that can be raised by any sort of reasonable taxation should be put at once into the education of her ignorant voters. This is a matter not of policy, but of the most pressing necessity. *More than one-third of her rulers cannot read the ballots which they cast.* To her, their enlightenment is the sole method of securing peace, which is always the prime essential of prosperity. *This is the real lesson of the Danville massacre.*

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It should be remembered, too, that there are certain things affecting the relations of the citizens of Virginia to its debt which, though very hard for a Northern man to fully realize, ought yet, in fairness, be taken into account:

1—She was forced to part with one-third of her territory, which was fairly a part of her assets, without having the debt at all lessened thereby. In other words, the very same people who now revile her for not paying the debt assisted in depriving her of the means of payment. The fact that this was the result of rebellion does not make the burden any lighter.

2—It should not be forgotten, either, that her landless whites, and all the blacks who are now one-third of her voters, had no voice nor interest in the old debt and what it realized. Of course, this is not a legal defense for the state, but it is one, an individual is apt to set up when he comes to vote upon the question of paying it, and it must be admitted that it has a moral force that is apt to make an honest man wince when he assumes the exalted role of censor and proceeds to scourge the recalcitrant voters of Virginia as repudiators.

3—Again, it may be as well, not to lose sight of the fact that there is a great deal of human nature in the people of Virginia of all classes, and this human nature is subject to the infirmities of birth and education just as in any other people. Commercial honesty is the chivalry of the North. The gravest of crimes in the land of the Puritan is the failure to pay a debt which is legal in form. When a man fails upon the Stock Exchange he "settles up under the rule," or is forever disgraced, though that "rule" is but a voluntary regulation of a business which is nothing more or less than wholesale gambling. So, too, the Southern gentleman pays at all hazards his "debts of honor," counting only those debts "honorable" that are made at the gambling-table or on the turf. The "commercial" honor of the North has not so very much advantage over the Southern ideal as might at first be supposed. More than one—indeed, if we go back far enough we shall probably find that nearly all, even of the Northern states—have been tainted at one period or another with the flavor of repudiation. If they have not formally refused to pay their lawful obligations they have at least crept out of the clear purpose and intent thereof by some plea of irregularity.

Where this has not been done by the states themselves, the subordinate municipalities have not scrupled

to seek every method to evade such obligations. Indeed, when we look back as a nation to the era of Continental currency, we must either admit that the power to pay and the unformulated equities that attach to all financial transactions, become parts of every public debt which the sovereign people have the right to consider, or else brand our hero sires of the seven years' fight as dishonorable repudiators. Because they could not pay all the Continental currency, our fathers refused to pay any of it. Yet there was not as much difference in their financial condition at the date of promising and the date of their refusal as in the case of Virginia. The losses of the Colonists had been great, but the losses of the Southern people simply stagger conception, especially in Virginia. Let any honest, fair-minded Northern man sit down and consider them carefully, one by one, and think whether, if the state were a private debtor, he could ever have the heart to ask for a farthing from it. (1) The property in slaves was swept away. This represented half the accumulations of the whole people. (2) All the money invested in Confederate bonds was lost. (3) All the property sold for Confederate money, except the little that remained in other hands at the surrender. (4) Fully five-sixths of the live stock of the state was destroyed. (5) All the bank stock of the state and nearly all other corporate securities were swept out of existence. In other words, there was nothing left of the acquisitions of two hundred years except the real estate—land and houses and their furniture and contents. Suppose Vanderbilt to be stripped of his possessions except the house on Fifth Avenue and to owe ten million dollars and you have about the parallel in an individual case. In order to complete it the bankrupt millionaire should at the same time be compelled by an irresistible fate to give a liberal education to about a hundred children of his loins, whom he had theretofore compelled to serve him without recompense and had kept in squalid poverty.

The re-adjustment of the debt of Virginia may not have been absolutely right. Perhaps by taxing the privilege of existence somewhat higher a larger proportion, or even the whole, of the old debt might have been paid. It may not have been even a matter of good policy that it should have been "scaled" at all. That is not the question under consideration. What we desire to insist on is that the re-adjustment of the debt was not such an error as justifies that portion of the Northern press and people who profess to be the especial champions of liberty and equality of right, in the indiscriminate abuse that has been poured on this party and its leader two years after the matter of the debt had been settled, when it was no longer an issue and when the real question between the parties was as to the free exercise of legitimate power by the colored voters and a system of liberal appropriations for their enlightenment.

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It is a peculiarly gratifying feature of the contest in Virginia that the element known as "the carpet-bagger" was entirely excluded from it. It is undeniable that a few years' residence at the South transforms a man of Northern birth into a scoundrel of the first water if he continues to favor that exercise of ballatorial power on the part of the colored race which the constitution and the laws of the land most unquestionably contemplate. We know this fact from the concurrent testimony of all the Democratic press of the South and a large portion of that Northern press which assumes to know all that is worth knowing upon all questions.

This is a very singular fact, yet nobody has ever been heard to deny it except a few of the unfortunate class themselves who have been so foolish as to attempt to kick against the universal verdict. No one has ever accounted for it scientifically or logically, nor can any one give a perfectly satisfactory reason why simply crossing the Potomac should change a man of previous good repute, irreproachable morals, well-tested courage and trained capacity, in the twinkling of an eye into a coward, a liar, a fool and a scoundrel of unmitigated infamy. All we are sure of is the result. Every one knows it to be true. There have been thousands of instances. No one has ever known an exception to the rule. The South has been so overrun with these pestiferous vermin, that the best people of the North have been almost inclined to wish that Grant had surrendered instead of Lee.

This is not so strange, however, as the transformation that ensues as soon as one of these men joins the "white man's party" and gives his voice and influence against "negro rule," as it is termed. It no doubt shows the miraculous influence of good company and example. This was especially manifest in their late contest in Virginia. Mr. Dezen Dorf, who has long been one of the very worst of the "carpet-bag" crew—(see the columns of any Democratic journal of Virginia for fifteen years back)—and a good many others who are in like circumstances of sorrow and affliction, being unable to so control the influence and power of the Re-adjusters as to appropriate the results of success entirely to their exclusive enjoyment, joined forces with the Bourbons to destroy their common enemy. Ordinarily, this would have been sufficient to have secured for the Re-adjusters the enthusiastic support of the wisest and best portion of the Republican press of the North, since there is no one thing of which they are so thoroughly convinced, as that it is their bounden duty always and everywhere to declare and make known that the Northern-born citizen, domiciled at the South and fastened to its soil by investment, who shall presume to have a political opinion that is not dictated by the so-called "best people" of the state in which he dwells, is a scoundrel worthy only of defamation. Those who stand with Mr. Dezen Dorf have been seared all over with this brand for fifteen years, until one can see "C. B." upon their foreheads as far as he can distinguish their features. They are of the old stock and are the genuine article.

This year, however, they have "stood in" with the Bourbons, and those Northern Republican journals who never used to refer to them except as "carpet-baggers," have been strangely silent upon the subject. By espousing the cause of their former antagonists they have, for the first time, succeeded in putting themselves on a respectable footing with their party friends of the North. The effect on the South has been equally magical. A friend, who watches these things, tells me that for the first time since 1867, when the term first became a part of their stock in trade, the Democratic journals of Virginia have not once mentioned the "carpet-bagger" during the campaign. Of course, it would hardly do to throw mud at their allies, but there must have been an immense amount of erasure in the copy of those veteran editors to whose minds "niggers and carpet-baggers" had been as inseparable ingredients of denunciatory paragraphs as brandy and water of the peculiar inspiration needed for their facile production. It must have seemed odd, also, to the Northern Republican journalists who had so long echoed the sentiments of their Southern Democratic contemporaries, but in a less

vigorous and manly phraseology, to refer to Mr. Dezen-dorf and his little squad of "carpet-baggers and scal-lawags" as "respectable gentlemen," "earnest reformers," and "the real Republicans of Virginia." We never expected to live until this thing should happen, but we have; and we congratulate Mr. Dezen-dorf and his associates most sincerely upon having become at one and the same time "honorable Virginians," "reputable Republicans," and apologists for the massacre at Danville. In comparison with this transformation the little old conundrum about the leopard and his spots loses all force and piquancy.

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A RECENT exchange of civilities in the political world is spicily paraphrased by a correspondent in the words and figures following. Those who have read the extended form of this peculiar interchange of curious advice will be amazed at the ease with which two columns have been put in so short a space and the faithfulness with which the real spirit of the correspondence has been preserved:

LETTER NO. I.

[Mr. William Walter Phelps to Mr. Keifer, late Republican Speaker of the House of Representatives.]

DEAR SIR: It is evident that somebody must tell you that you are too corrupt and unprincipled to deserve the empty compliment of a renomination for the office of Speaker, since you are too big an ass to find it out yourself. I have undertaken to do it because several people have spoken to me about it, and I have a notion that it might be of some advantage to somebody else if you should decline to be a candidate. Another reason why I volunteer to inform you of this fact is, *that I am a New Jersey Republican!*

LETTER NO. II.

[Mr. Keifer to Mr. Phelps.]

DEAR SIR: I would have you understand that I am not half as big a scoundrel as the papers try to make out, and not nearly so big a fool as you think. I understand the motives of my assailants very thoroughly, and, if other people will mind their business, will try to attend to my own affairs.

LETTER NO. III.

[Mr. Phelps to Mr. Keifer.]

DEAR SIR: Just so. I am quite of your opinion, only you should not abuse the newspapers so. I know several very decent people, you know, who are connected with that patriotic profession. Come and see me when you come on, and we will make this matter all straight. I live in Jersey.

P. S.—Have you any objection to my publishing our correspondence?

LETTER NO. IV.

[Mr. Keifer to Mr. Phelps.]

DEAR SIR: Publish and be hanged, if you want to. I know you mean to do it, anyhow. I didn't say half as much as I thought about the press. They may go to *grass*, and you may stay in Jersey.

MR. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.

[SOLUS.]

"What a fool this big Buckeye is to get mad and refuse an invitation to eat his hash with a gentleman, just because: I good-naturedly told him he was a fool and a scoundrel. We don't mind such things in Jersey—especially when the country has to be saved and a complimentary vote played for. He doesn't seem to understand Jersey Republicanism or Jersey politeness either. I didn't mean any harm to the fellow, but only wanted to score one for myself off his stupidity."

THE varying expression from different points of view adds to the life-like and agreeable effects of this statue. As seen from the other side of Wall Street, coming from Broadway, the effect is, perhaps, most pleasing. He is then the courteous, easy gentleman about to speak to those before him. Seen from about the middle of Wall Street and half a block away, where the angle of the jaw is thrown into sharp relief and the massiveness of the form is not relieved by the outstretched hand, it displays the greatest power. One of the most unique effects that it produces is obtained in coming out of the Sub-Treasury, noting the heavy folds of the cloak hung over the shoulder; then, as you come down the steps, observing the easy fit of the clothing, showing the litheness, grace and strength of the form; and then, having gained the edge of the sidewalk, a few steps below, or, better still, the middle of the street, look up at the face and see how thoroughly harmonious are the features, form and habiliments of this magnificent gentleman whom we worship as the type of that American life which but for him had never known the freedom and the glory of which his bronze presentment hourly surveys the most amazing results.

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THE mud and the crowd of Evacuation Day was over and a bright autumn sun looked down upon Wall Street when we first saw the statue of Washington in front of the Sub-Treasury. We had not expected much. The humanity had been so crushed out of the "Father of his Country" in the numerous attempts to reproduce his features upon canvas, or in bronze or marble, that one naturally expects to see the face of a solemn, self-conscious, "let-us-pray" hypocrite bolstered up on the frame of an impossibly sleek dandy. In making up our eldest demigod we have carefully eliminated all that might suggest the possibility of his having lived. His solemnity, as hitherto portrayed, could only have been equalled by his vacuity. His conventional likeness, from the postage-stamp to the pillared marble, is absolutely hideous from its inanity. That such a piece of stolid flesh should have lived at all could hardly be accounted for less than a miracle; that such a man should have done what Washington did is simply an impossibility.

This being our state of mind, we were ready to turn away, if not sickened, at least sated with the too frequent spectacle. As we looked up from the window of the passing stage and caught sight of the form—commanding, easy, natural, and the features instinct with thought, we could but exclaim, "I looked, and, behold, the face of a man!" We pulled the check-rein, alighted from the stage and in the clear, bright morning light "took in" the statue from every point of view. We do not profess to be an art critic. Of the method by which efforts are produced we know nothing and care less. Of the *technique* of the sculptor's art we are absolutely ignorant and may always remain so. We do not see the work nor care to analyze the means, but only *feel* the results. Judging from this standpoint we know one thing—this is *the* Washington. It may not be any closer in its verisimilitude than other portraits in marble or pigment, so far as the mere representation of limb and feature are concerned. Of that no man living is now able to decide; but one thing is certain, it gives more of the soul and brain and manhood, that fought and waited and achieved, than any and all the others. This man *might* have warned Braddock and afterward saved his routed forces; he might have prayed at Valley Forge; he might have fought at Monmouth; he might have

his lair among the crags of the Hudson; have out-geralled and out-stuck even British doggedness, and founded a nation. If the soul of Washington retains any of that peculiar pride in his personal appearance which was said to be a characteristic of him while alive, he cannot but regard with peculiar favor the artist, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, whose name is cut in modest letters upon the pedestal. The country and the world are to be congratulated that we have a Washington whom all time will be glad to look upon.

The Indian Problem.

A LETTER recently published in the *Boston Advertiser*, written by Gen. S. C. Armstrong, from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, gives an account of the Navajo Indians, which should be in the hands of every man and woman who believes that Indians have any rights to be protected or souls to be saved. The letter is as follows:

"The Navajo reservation proper, in the northern portion of New Mexico, and south of Colorado and Utah, is a hundred miles square. There are 17,000 Navajo Indians, who, under a liberal construction of the privilege granted at the creation of this reservation, fifteen years ago, allowing them to hunt game on all sides of their own territory, have established their stock ranges for fifty miles in all directions beyond their bounds, and claim all the water privileges, which is the same as claiming all the land. The agent in charge cannot drive off white squatters when the lines are not fixed, and appeals to Washington have been fruitless. They have a legal right to 10,000 square miles of land, but occupy about 25,000.

"Migrations from the east, pushing up through New Mexico and Arizona, down from Colorado, from Utah on the northwest (Mormons), from California and Nevada on the west, and the railroad on the south taking alternate sections on both sides, sweeping along in a belt eighty miles in width, taking up the finest valley lands, create, all together, an aggressive movement that will before very long drive the Navajos back to their undefined limits.

"The reservation is almost a desert; there is not one acre of arable land per head in the 10,000 square miles. Their 1,000,000 sheep and goats, their 15,000 horses, their few cattle, cannot find food enough in this barren waste. There is not a river in it; only a few springs of water here and there, creating a few fertile acres which I have seen planted with corn and vegetables. Fifteen years ago the tribe numbered 9,000; they have increased to 17,000—almost doubled. They are already self-supporting, living chiefly on mutton, and on flour, sugar and coffee purchased from the traders, supplemented in summer by their own corn, pumpkins, water-melons, etc.; not a dollar from government for any living purpose whatever. They are able to-day to put 4,000 fighting men in the field. Able to work, but hating continuous labor, living chiefly upon their flocks and herds, they might be, under right conditions, a wealth-producing class of citizens. To this end they need good management for awhile, which a first-rate Indian agent is the man to supply. There is not a finer field for personal energy in the land. This they especially need in the crisis made by surrounding pressure from immigration. The leadership they need they have in their present agent, Major D. M. Riordan, a man of wisdom, force, and great personal experience, who, six months ago, replaced the last of a series of incompetent, or, at least, unsuccessful men. Without such an officer, well backed by government, they cannot develop their water resources, improve their stock, or make permanent homes.

"While they are the richest Indians in the country, averaging in silver and other ornaments, horses, sheep, and blankets of extraordinary beauty and value, over \$100

apiece, they are to be deprived of the conditions which created this wealth; they are to be driven by force of circumstances from their homes and their flocks to starve, and these most powerful of all Indian fighters are to be aroused to the highest pitch of feeling. They are the victims of advancing civilization. They may be crushed by a terrible war. They may be led to the front of Indian progress. Under good care, they may, in a few years, entirely support their own schools. Unlike other Indians, they beg for nothing. At a council of 500 of them, a few months ago, in response to Major Riordan's question as to what the government could do for them, they asked for ploughs, hoes, spades, wagons, seeds, etc. They wish for our improvements, and will pay for them.

In connection with this matter it may be noted that the WOMEN'S NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION, of which Mrs. A. S. Quinton, of Philadelphia is secretary, has extended its field of operations to missionary and school work among the Indians. There is nothing better calculated to induce a skeptical distrust of the sincerity of Christian professions than the conduct of the American people and the American church in regard to the Indian. By our apathy and greed we have made the whole land a party to crimes so causeless, cruel and vast as to make the Jewish massacres in Russia seem tame and insignificant beside them. Not only this, but thousands of intelligent Christian men and women are to be found who echo with a laugh the brutal jest of the pioneer that "the good Indian is always dead." Our missionary zeal has overrun the world, and almost every one of our multitudinous sects boasts a lodgement on the coasts of Africa or Asia."

It is only the domestic, home-made heathen whose souls we count not worth the human effort needful to their regeneration. If they are treacherous, our government can give them odds and beat them. If they are cruel, we should not forget that, for every white scalp taken, a hundred Indian lives have been offered up. If they are lawless, we should remember that there is no court before whom an Indian can bring his aggressor. If they are indolent, we should remember that we have taken from them almost all the lands it was possible to till, have deprived them of the stimulus of personal right and individual possession. If they are debauched we have furnished the element that produced their debasement, and if they worship strange gods we cannot complain, since we have strengthened the Medicine man in his hold on their superstitions. It is high time that the nation and the church decided finally whether the Indian is worth protecting, civilizing and saving. If he is, let us begin to do him justice, deal honorably with him, give him a chance for improvement, self-support and salvation. If, on the other hand, he shall not be deemed worthy of justice or Christianization, why, let us make an end of the farce of a hundred years and wipe him out of existence. If the theory that the dead Indian is the only good one be the true principle of our civilization, why, then, let us kill him; but let us do it like men and Christians. Let us not starve and cheat to desperation and then kill because of rebellion. Let us openly declare by act of Congress that the Red Man must go, and then carry the law into effect by open, wholesale massacre. Let the Church give its sanction, and send the exterminators forth with prayer and blessing. This would be an honorable, manly course as compared with that we are now pursuing, and, though it may seem a little bloody at first sight, would be vastly more merciful and consistent with Christian doctrine and the principles of justice and liberty on which our government is founded.



Children's Books.—II.

IN a recent article on habits of reading, Edward Everett Hale said that a boy ought to be taught what and how to read, just as he is taught to swim—by doing it. The chances are, he says, that in a housefull of good books the child will read them, but if he does not, he ought to be squarely told that a certain range of reading is essential to a gentleman in civilized life, and if he does not like it to-day, he will to-morrow or next year, and so he is to read an hour a day in such and such books. American children might rebel at this dictation, because to them reading is amusement, and they want nothing that requires forced application. Still, a child only asks to be interested; this secured he would as readily work as play, and sometimes rather, because children like the importance work gives them, but they will not relish dull work any more than dull play. The father then has his duty, which is not merely to direct the reading, but also to see that the young student understands and likes his task. Sometimes the father's order may become the child's pleasure when he is given such books as "The Story of Roland," the companion to that charming work, "The Story of Siegfried," by the same author, James Baldwin. These legends, which are in one way history, of Roland and his Oliver, of Charlemagne and Bradamont, will charm any reader, and, as educational influences, they are invaluable. The boy who takes the Knight of Chivalry as his ideal, and fancies how he best can "fare over land and sea, fighting the Pagan-folk and doing worthy deeds for the honor of God, the King and the ladies," is likely to have a higher and more gentle standard than the one who forms himself on "Dick, the Scout," and "Peter, the Outlaw." He will, at least, try to make himself worthy of his ambitions, and not looking merely for adventures, will have the spirit of the knight, who fights well because he lives well. Roland, as the author says in his "Foreword," is unknown to history, yet he is the typical knight of the Middle Ages, and since 1066, when the minstrel of William the Conqueror sang of him, troubadours and poets of France have told of his deeds and his valor. Mr. Baldwin has spared no trouble in consulting authorities, and has woven them together in a spirited narrative, admirably told because it is so vigorous and free from bombast and yet picturesque, and in spirit historically true. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; pp. 415, \$2.00.)

SUSAN COOLIDGE's refined and always charming work is found this season in "A Round Dozen," otherwise thirteen stories, of which "The Little White Door," and "Helen's Thanksgiving" seem the best, though all are good. (16mo, pp. 298, \$1.25. Roberts Bros.) Last of those that can find present mention, comes "Speech and Manners for Home and School," a rather hazardous attempt to make a story in which the chief incidents are grammatical errors, with lapses in the etiquette of daily life. The author, Miss E. S. Kirkland, has succeeded admirably, and any child who reads the book carefully must gain a new sense of the many reasons why "don't" forms so large a part of one's early

years, while the elders will find equal instruction for a need often quite as strong as that of the child. (Square 16mo, pp. 263, \$1; Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

AMONG the various illustrated books for children sent out by Cassel & Company, Mrs. Mary D. Brine's "Jingles and Joys for Wee Girls and Boys," is one of the most alluring. The simple verses, always bright, delicate and refined, are profusely illustrated on every page, and the gay cover will please childish eyes, even if not so desirable to older ones. (4to, \$1.50.) "Little Folks" is also full of illustrations, many of which are excellent, and the text is, if not of the highest order of merit, always pure and high in tone. (4to, pp. 380, \$1.25.) Mr. Caldecott has illustrated the old story of Harlequin and Columbine, and the bright quarto, "Pantomime and Minstrel Song," which has for its sub-title, "A Picture Carnival for the Young," is full of rollicking fun, verging here and there on coarseness, but certain to amuse. (George Routledge & Sons; 4to, \$2.50.) The same publishers send a profusely illustrated edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," carefully edited and handsomely printed. (4to, pp. 407, \$2.00) "Little Wide Awake," the large print and numerous colored prints of which make it very attractive to younger children (pp. 191, \$1.50), and a "History of the United States in Words of One Syllable," prepared by Mrs. Helen W. Pierson, and much more readable than would be supposed possible, though the child bright enough to be interested in it would probably find Colonel Higginson's of more real value. (4to, pp. 148, forty-seven illustrations, \$1.00.)

MR. CALDECOTT has illustrated several paper-covered picture-books for young children: "A Frog he would a Wooing Go", and "The Fox Jumped over the Parson's Gate"; each very characteristic. (50 cents each.) Miss Greenaway has a set of Calendars for 1884, the seasons and months being represented by her graceful child-figures (90 cents a set), and has also a little "Almanac for 1884," prepared on the same plan. (50 cents.)

ANOTHER book comes from the Rev. A. J. Church, whose "Stories from Homer" will be recalled with pleasure, and who gives us this year "Stories of the East, from Herodotus" as simple and charming as the first-mentioned one. The book is illustrated with drawings from ancient frescoes and sculptures, and is well worth a place on a bright boy's bookshelf. (12mo, pp. 299; \$1.50.)

HAVING had his fill of ancient and middle-age lore, the same boy will find in the various volumes of the same publisher's series of "Minor Wars of the United States," two new ones: "A Narrative History of King Philip's War, and the Indian Troubles in New England," by Richard Markham, and "History of the War with Mexico," by Horatio O. Ladd, A.M., both of which are simply yet picturesquely written. The illustrations are below Dodd, Mead & Co.'s usual average, but the books are well printed and attractively bound (12mo, pp. 336 and 328, \$1.25 each.) "A life of Queen Victoria, Her Girlhood and Womanhood," by Grace Greenwood, whose work for young people has always been excellent, comes from the press of John R. Anderson & Henry S. Allen, and will be found extremely pleasant reading. It is the first in a series which could hardly open more conspicuously. (Cloth, 12mo, pp. 401, \$1.50.)

THE Scribners are to publish the historical papers on Louisiana, furnished by Mr. Cable to the *Century*.

SEVERAL English novels have been translated into Bengali and published at Calcutta, and others are to follow.

The *Magazine of American History* is to have an article from Mr. John Esten Cooke on "Christmas Time in Old Virginia."

Mrs. STOWE denies the wide-spread rumor that she is at work on a new novel, and professes to have no intention of adding another to her list.

PROFESSOR BEERS, of Yale, is to write the volume on N. P. Willis in the "American Men of Letters" series, and is busily collecting material for the work.

"THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE," by Professor Griffis, has reached a fourth edition, and a supplementary chapter has been added, bringing the history down to June, 1883.

MR. BARNUM appears in a Christmas number of the *London Truth*, in an article, "Barnum in Britishland" describing his diversifery experiences in the search of a successor to Jumbo.

DODD, MEAD & Co., are soon to publish the letters written by Keats to his brother in this country. Three volumes will be given with the title of "The Letters and Poems of John Keats."

A SON of Professor Huxley has developed a tendency to verse-making, and has a by no means remarkable song in a recent number of *Temple Bar*, many third-rate American poets doing work of quite as much merit.

THE National Library of Greece has received some ancient manuscripts from its newly annexed Province of Thessaly. Among them is announced a copy of Pindar's poems, with commentaries, the peculiar readings of which are to be published presently.

THE Macmillan's have brought to light Mr. Matthew Arnold's nearly forgotten tragedy of "Merope" of which Lowell wrote: "It has that one fault against which the very gods, we are told, strive in vain: it is dull, and the seed of this dulness lies in the system on which it is written."

PORTER & COATES have illustrated Bishop Moore's "Night Before Christmas" and Mrs. Norton's "Bingen on the Rhine," and publish them in the small quartos which have proved so popular. Fredericks, Schell, Smedley, Granville Perkins, and Edmund Garrett are a company from whom good work in illustration is expected; and we are seldom disappointed, certainly not in the present case. (\$1.50 each.)

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK has passed through many changes since the deaths of its long-time owners and editors, but the number for December, under the management of the new owners and publishers, J. H. Haulenbeek & Co., Philadelphia, is more nearly an approach to its former excellence than any number for a year or more, and forms a promising close to the one hundred and seventh volume of this periodical.

THERE is so much need of a carefully prepared but condensed dictionary of biography, that there is special disappointment in finding the work of Mr. Edward A. Thomas, in his "Comprehensive Dictionary of Biography" too careless and inaccurate to fill the gap. The moderate cost is its best feature, but a very thorough revision would be required to make it of much practical value. (8vo, pp. 590, \$2.50; Porter & Coates, Phila.)

It is a most fascinating little book that holds "Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities. Remnants and 200 Ways of Using Them," by Susan Anna Brown, whose "Book of Forty Puddings" was one of the successes of 1882. The receipts are carefully written, and so minute that no beginners need fear undertaking them, a portion being from French sources, but the majority from Miss Brown's

own experience. (Pp. 102, \$1.00; Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A LARGE paper copy of Mr. Alexander Ireland's "The Book-Lover's Enchiridion" has just been published, the edition containing three admirable illustrations—a portrait of Francois Quesnay, a distinguished French economist and physician of the last century, and a book-lover—from a fine engraving by Will, 1747; a copy of a study in oil of a group of old books, specially painted; and a *fac-simile* of Thomas Carlyle's letter to Leigh Hunt, after reading his "Autobiography."

A NOTABLE man has lately died, Dr. Rees, a Welshman, who preferred his Welsh title of Hirëthog. "He was," says the South Wales *Daily News*, "the great central figure of Welsh literature and the Nonconformist Church. In the highest and truest sense he was a man of the people. He wrote for them, preached to them, mixed among them and labored with them. He dedicated his English works on politics to Mr. Gladstone, who in turn regarded him as the true representative of Welsh politics."

FROM Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. come two attractive volumes in their illustrated poets, "The Lady of the Lake" and "Lucile," both of them long established favorites, the former having taken as strong a hold on this generation as it did on the last. The large proportion of the illustrations have been engraved by Mr. George T. Andrew, whose name always guarantees excellence, and the pretty volumes, each in its box, should find many friends. (Sq. 8vo, \$2.50 each.)

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT's brilliant novel, "An Ambitious Woman," has failed to secure all the attention it deserved, from the fact that it appeared in the Sunday edition of the New York *Tribune*, and thus, while read by many thousands, did not command the attention of the regular book-reading public. The *Manhattan* is fortunate in securing his "Tinkling Cymbals," which already shows the keenness and delicacy of observation which have distinguished all Mr. Fawcett's later work. *The Week*, of Toronto, is also to have a serial from his pen.

THE "International Revision Commentary" has reached its fourth volume, the Gospel of John being edited by Dr. William Milligan and Dr. William F. Moulton, two ripe scholars, who were among the most active and influential members of the New Testament Revision Company. The Epistles will follow at short intervals, and the whole is under the supervision of Dr. Philip Schaff, who furnishes an introduction to the present volume. (16mo, pp. 443, \$1.25; Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

THE November number of *Dio Lewis's Monthly* is larger than previous ones, and contains many admirable articles, Dr. Lewis's own contributions to the editorial department being numerous and characteristic, including among others, "Husbands and Wives," a long illustrated article upon "Exercise" with the Rings, another chapter in the Editor's series on "Our Brains and Nerves," "Three Square Meals; or, The Proper Treatment of Consumption," an interesting sketch of "Irish Ladies," "The Proper Clothing for Cold Weather," a somewhat extended discussion of "Catarrh and Its Treatment," and several brief hygienic chapters.

THE statement that Shakspeare's gravestone has been replaced by a new one is denied by a correspondent of *The Athenæum*, the inscription being, he insists, in the usual seventeenth century style. "It bears the marks of being hurriedly cut, and corrected afterward; the style and corrections would hardly be repeated by a mere copier. There is also an absence of all tradition or memory of any tampering with the gravestone, though we know how the monument was colored and recolored. This, though but negative evidence, tends to show that the gravestone now visible is the original one, and not a mere copy, which is

more than can be said of the entries respecting the birth and death of Shakspeare in the parish registers."

WERE it not for its rather sentimental title, Mr. John Henry Boner's carefully printed little volume of poems, "Whispering Pines," would be likely to win more attention than may be its portion. It is an unequal piece of work; but there are passages of rare delicacy and tenderness, as in the opening verses of a little poem, also with an unhappy title, "Exequy on the Death of Medora," and one of the best bits of dialect work ever given may be found in "Camp-Meetin' Preachin'." There are several others of almost equal merit, and Mr. Boner shows gifts which even amid the crowd of verse-writers whose work is often of great excellence, give him a distinctive place, and promise much to come. (12mo, pp. 167; \$1.25. A. Brentano, New York, and Brentano Bros., Washington.)

FUNK & WAGNALLS show excellent taste and judgment in the selections which make up their "Standard Library." "Scientific Sophisms: A Review of Current Theories concerning Atoms, Apes, and Men," by Samuel Wainwright, D.D., is a good-humored but very earnest onslaught on modern theories of evolution. Mr. Spurgeon succeeds him, and in No. 98 "Illustrations and Meditations, or Flowers from a Puritan's Garden," gives his researches into the long list of Thomas Manton's works, the book being partly compilation, partly resetting of the same thought in more modern words. Both will be of value to the large class of readers who seek some special form of Sunday literature, light enough for entertainment, yet with a seed of thought in the pages. 25 cents each.

MR. CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, whose work in Industrial Art Education is meeting with even warmer recognition abroad than at home, has some new designs on the same plan as in his "Manual of Repoussé, or Embossing Sheet Brass," thirty-six in number, and nearly all of the exact working size. Though intended specially for sheet metal, care has been taken that all these designs shall be quite as suitable or applicable to wood-carving, leather-work, papier-maché, and other branches of decorative art. Students of the minor arts will derive much benefit from studying them, and find in them many "motives" which will suggest or may be changed to originals. The work is published only by subscription. The three parts will be furnished to subscribers in a neat portfolio at \$3.00 for the set of 36 sheets, and the publication will appear only when 500 names shall have been received. The publisher is Wm. Whitlock, 140 Nassau Street.

THE readers of THE CONTINENT require no introduction or commendation where "Judith: A Chronicle of Old Virginia" is concerned. In its pages is to be found the ripest and most valuable work Marian Harland has ever accomplished. As a Virginian, she writes from personal experience; but there is not the faintest suggestion of bitterness or the narrowness too often found in Southern writers. "Judith" is a story in the old-fashioned sense—a story in which analysis is subordinate to incident, yet which shows a full command of detail and as full understanding of causes and effects. It has positive historical value as being in some portions almost autobiographical and giving details of a life for which we must soon trust solely to personal recollections. Southern social life has never before had such accurate and sympathetic description, and the book will gain even more friends than the serial has already made. (Our Continent Library, cloth, illustrated, 12mo, pp. 391, \$1.50; Our Continent Pub. Co., and Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.)

MR. SMAILEY writes in a recent letter that Mr. Cross's biography of George Eliot is nearly complete. He has been able to recover almost the whole of his wife's letters, among them being a series, extending over several years, written to some of the friends of her younger days. This

has the air of being said by some one with authority, and so has the following:

"George Eliot took extraordinary pains with her letters. They were invariably written with almost as much care as if they had been intended for immediate publication; but this sort of solicitude for good work was inherent in her character, and she was quite incapable of hasty, ill-considered composition, even in her shortest notes, written to her most intimate friends, concerning the most trivial topics."

Well, we shall see what George Eliot's letters are to be when they come out, but all this sounds as if they would be much too elaborate and formal and careful to be reckoned among those which the world reads with delight. The same letter contains an item which will interest every friend of the brilliant author of "Dr. Isaacs":

"Mr. F. Marion Crawford has been some days in London arranging for the publication of a new novel. It is rather startling to hear that Messrs. Macmillan have declined to bring out the work on the ground of its immorality. I hope it is not very immoral, for Messrs. Chapman & Hall have undertaken to give it to the world, and, I believe, to pay Mr. Crawford a higher price than he received from Messrs. Macmillan for "Dr. Claudius." The sale of that work was very large, and Mr. Crawford has made a reputation which insures him, as you see, a welcome in the publishing trade even when he ventures upon ground which one house thinks hazardous."

THE dramatic element in Mr. H. C. Bunner's brilliant little novel, "A Woman of Honor," is so strong as to give one the sense that its place is rather in theatre than in library. Never was there a story with less padding, and one discovers immediately that padding is after all an essential, and that a dinner of truffles is less desirable than their appearance merely as *entree*. The heroine, as has been the case lately with several novels, is less interesting than one or two subordinate characters, but makes a very charming walking lady. The two artists are capably drawn, and there is, in fact, hardly an uncertain line for any one of the many who come and go upon the stage. Mr. Ruthven, the father of the heroine, with his high-bred selfishness and dilettanteism is especially true to life, and Megilp the model, though the conception verges on broad farce, is delightfully comical. The story must be left for the reader to discover, but virtue is rewarded and vice is met and defeated with all the success to be desired in both play and novel, the pages of the pretty volume affording not only entertainment but often food for thought. (16mo, pp. 336, \$1.25; J. R. Osgood.)

To any one who has to do with the book-market, Mr. Leyboldt's "Trade List Annual" is a reference book whose claims are imperative. Dealers and journalists know it, of course, and annually welcome the unwieldy bulkiness of its editions to a convenient shelf. To the great reading public, however, it is not, perhaps sufficiently well known, and professionals will excuse us for a word of description. Between its covers are bound the catalogues of all the leading publishers of the United States, uniformity in size having been brought about through Mr. Leyboldt's efforts. Altogether there are not far from 2,000 pages in the volume, and it is prefaced by indexes and reference lists which make it possible to find in its proper catalogue any book whose author, title, or subject is known. The "Record of New Books" and the "Educational Catalogue" are features which add immensely to the value of the compilation, and the publishers deserve a far wider popular recognition than they have as yet been accustomed to receive. In this connection it may be well to mention "The American Catalogue," an elaborate work, which, with its annual supplements, embraces all the books ever published in this country. Mr. Leyboldt now announces that there are only about fifty copies left of the limited edition. These are now held by the publishers at forty dollars, and as the prices will no doubt rise as copies become scarce, it will be true economy on the part of would-be buyers to secure the volume at once.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

My Little Wife.

My little wife's a world too sweet
For such a man as I am :
But she's a Trojan—hard to beat
As Hector, son of Priam.

A winsome, wilful morsel she ;
Brought up to grace a palace.
She ran away to marry me,
Half love, half girlish malice.

She never has repented though :
We built a cot in Jersey ;
She wore delaine and calico,
And I wore tweed and kersey.

So great our love, it bridged across
Whatever might divide us ;
However went the gain or loss,
We felt as rich as Midas.

I helped her with the brush and broom,
Her morning labors aiding :
She followed to the counting-room,
Made out my bills of lading.

And once, when sick of chills I lay,
She balanced up the pages ;
Did all my work from day to day
And brought home all my wages.

Then I was just a shipping-clerk—
Old firm of Graves and Gartner ;
Till after long and weary work
They took me in as partner.

Then year on year went gaily round,
While we grew rich and richer,
Until in every spring we found
We dipped a golden pitcher.

When Gartner left (grown old and lame)
I bought him out completely :
Made wife a partner—changed the name
To Wheatly, Graves and Wheatly.

A silent partner? Not at all :
With genius more than Sapphic,
She improvised—that lady small—
The poetry of traffic.

And "poetry, that's truth." perforce,
For Mrs. Browning said it :
Her hand, unerring, traced the course
Of debit and of credit.

Her sense of honor fine as floss,
Yet strong as hempen cables,
Light as a lariat flung across,
Dragged down our business fables.

She made our home a Paradise,
With taste supreme and subtle ;
But said "I want no cloth of price,
Wrought with a knavish shuttle."

And flitting through our offices,
With word and smile admonished,
"We'll work no metamorphosis
To make a lie look honest!"

And so the business grew and grew,
With not a cloud to daunten ;
Till wife, who wanted tea like dew,
Sent me adrift for Canton.

No sooner was I well at sea,
Than with a whirl insane,
Down came that flood of '73,
And shook the world with panic.

Then many a house as strong as life,
Was rent and torn asunder ;
Poor Graves went trembling to my wife,
And said "We're going under."

Wife saw the gulf but kept her poise,
Disposed of plate and raiment,

Sold all her jewels (but the boys),
And met the heaviest payment.

Then Graves and she with work and wit,
With care and self-denial,
Upheld the firm, established it
The surer for the trial.

Through all the strife they paid the hands
Full price ; none saw them falter,
And now the house, rock-founded, stands
As steady as Gibraltar.

But wife keeps with us, guards us through
Like Miriam watching Moses ;
She drinks her tea as pure as dew,
And sells it—fresh as roses.

Yes, she's a Trojan ; hard to beat
As all the sons of Priam ;
But bless you ! she's a world too sweet
For such a man as I am !

AMANDA T. JONES.

NEW BOOKS.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY. By Harry M. Kieffer. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 332, \$1.25 ; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

FORTUNE'S FOOL. By Julian Hawthorne. 12mo, pp. 470, \$1.50 ; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

TWO KISSES. By Hawley Smart. 16mo, pp. 254, 75 cents ; T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

LIFE OF WAGNER. By Louis Nohl. Translated from the German. By George P. Upton. 12mo, pp. 204, \$1.25 ; Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

SPEECH AND MANNERS. For Home and School. By Miss E. S. Kirkland. Square 16mo, pp. 263, \$1.00 ; Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

LUCILE. By Owen Meredith. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill. Engraved by George T. Andrew. 12mo, pp. 360, \$2.50 ; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE. A Poem in Six Cantos. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Notes and an Appendix. Illustrations by F. T. Merrill and F. B. Schell. Engraved by George T. Andrew. 12mo, pp. 332, \$2.50 ; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

CONTRARY WINDS, and Other Sermons. By Wm. M. Taylor, D.D. 8vo, pp. 372, \$1.75 ; A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York.

MARGARET FULLER. By Julia Ward Howe. "Famous Women Series." 16mo, pp. 208, \$1.00 ; Roberts Bros.

JUDITH. A Chronicle of Old Virginia. By Marion Harland. "Our Continent Library." Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 391, \$1.50. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, and Our Continent Publishing Company.

FELICITAS. A Romance. By Felix Dahn. From the German by Mary J. Safford. 18mo, pp. 208, 75 cents ; William S. Gottsberger, New York.

JESUS, THE WORLD'S SAVIOUR. Who He is, Why He Came, and What He Did. By George C. Lorimer. 12mo, pp. 351, \$1.50 ; S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

MERCEDES, AND LATER LYRICS. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 12mo, pp. 111, \$1.25 ; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND. Two Courses of Lectures. By J. R. Seeley, M.A. 12mo, pp. 308, \$1.75 ; Roberts Bros., Boston.

IN NAZARETH TOWN. A Christmas Fantasy, And Other Poems. By John W. Chadwick. 16mo, pp. 111, \$1.00 ; Roberts Bros.

CLASSIC HEROIC BALLADS. Selected by the authors of "Quiet Hours." The Classic Series. 16mo., pp. 289, \$1.00 ; Roberts Brothers.

INDIAN IDYLS. From the Sanskrit of Mahābhārata. By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. 16mo, pp. 318, \$1.00 ; Roberts Brothers.

Miss Austen's Novels. MANSFIELD PARK, EMMA, NORTHANGER ABBEY, SENSE AND SENSIBILITY, PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. 5 vols, cloth, in box, \$1.00 each ; George Routledge & Sons, London and New York.

THE SPECTATOR. A new edition. Reproducing the original text, both as first issued and as corrected by the authors, with introductory notes and index. By Henry Morley. 3 vols, 12mo., cloth, in box, per set, \$3.75 ; George Routledge & Sons, London and New York.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR of William Cobbett. Carefully revised and annotated by Alfred Ayres.

HER SECONDS PART. ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE, Or a Jest in Sober Earnest. With an Introduction by James Millington. Paper, pp. 56, 20 cents ; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Sarah Tytler. 16mo, pp. 231, \$1.00 ; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' PLUTARCH. Being parts of the "Lives" of Plutarch. Edited for Boys and Girls, with an Introduction by John S. White, L.L.D. Forty-five Illustrations. Square, 8vo., pp. 465, \$3.00 ; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER. By Dr. William Rein. Standard Library. Paper, pp. 236, 25 cents ; Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

New York, December 19, 1883.

